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and **BYSTANDER**

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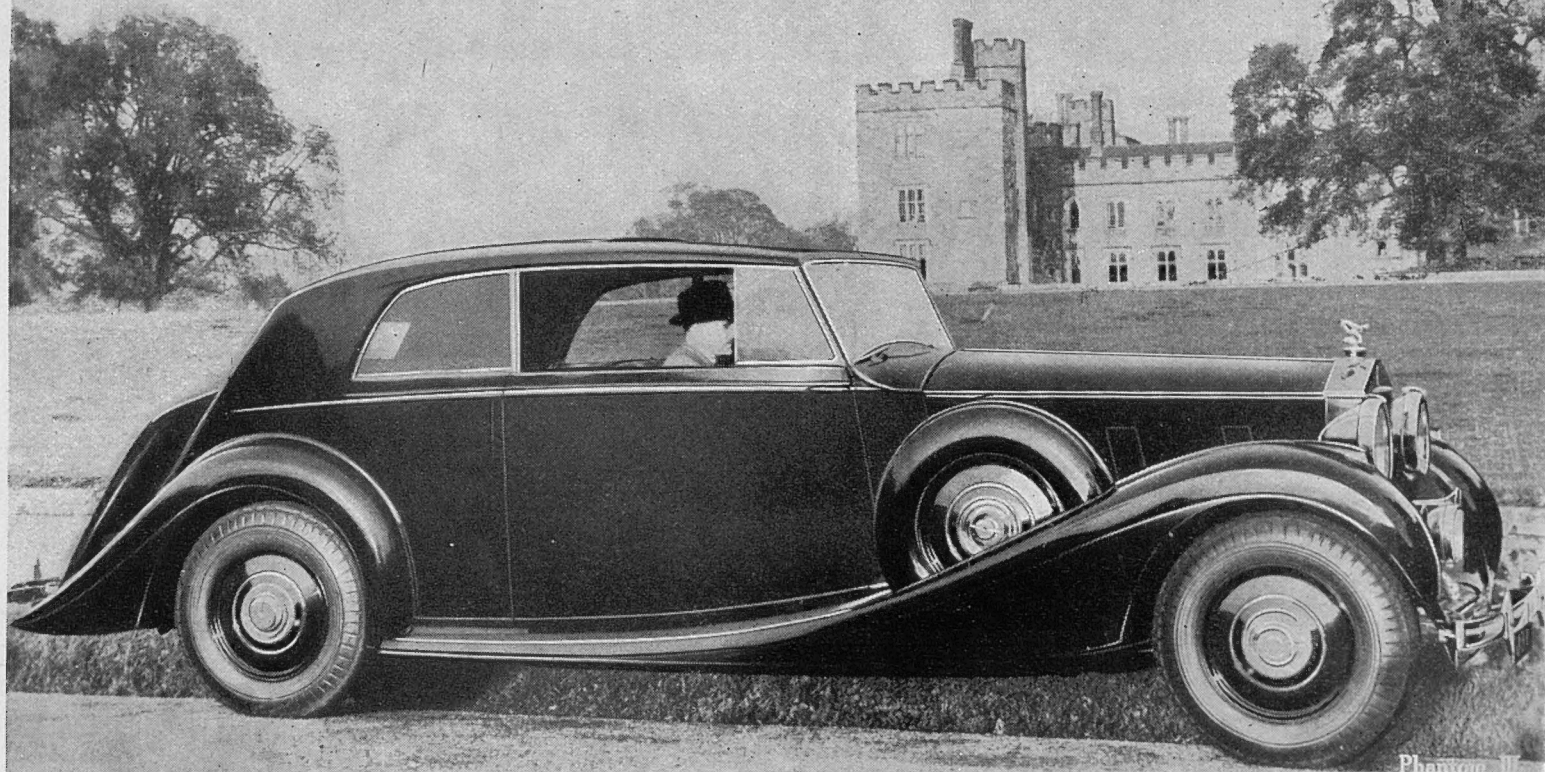
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Harlip

Lady Dill, Bride of the C.I.G.S.

General Sir John Dill, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and Mrs. Furlong, widow of Brigadier Dennis Furlong, were married on Wednesday last week, by the Chaplain-General to the Forces, at St. Stephen's, Rochester Row. Lady Dill was formerly Miss Nancy Charrington, only child of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henry Charrington, of Castlemaine, Twyford, Berks, and Cliff House, Sandgate, Kent. Her first husband, who commanded the Sixth Infantry Brigade during its withdrawal from Belgium, and was awarded the D.S.O., was killed in an accident later in 1940. General Sir John Dill's first wife died last December; he has one son



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Bevin Says "No"

By superbly organised political campaigning the Oxford Group have brought a grievance before Parliament. They insist that eleven of their evangelists have the right of automatic exemption from military service like the officials of other religious denominations. They got 170 Members of Parliament to support them. Never was so much lobbying done among so many by so few!

But the Minister of Labour and National Service, Mr. Ernest Bevin, was adamant. He refused to grant their demand. Undaunted, the Oxford Groupers lobbied all the harder until a debate was raised on the floor of the House of Commons. Mr. Bevin refused to budge from his original decision. As you will see, Oxford Groupers are not only men of faith, but also men of action. They now threaten to challenge Mr. Bevin's ministerial authority by appealing to the Attorney-General.

Most active politically-minded Grouper is Mr. Peter Howard, former English Rugby captain; one-time supporter of Sir Oswald Mosley when he was leader of the New Party; lately Sunday journalism's most fearless and outspoken political columnist; author of *Guilty Men*, a condemnation of pre-war statesmen; also author of *Innocent Men*, a paroxysm of praise of the Oxford Group.

Nazi Groupers

MR. PETER HOWARD gave up political journalism for farming; but he deserted his farm for several weeks to organise the Oxford Group campaign in Parliament. Members were bombarded with letters, telegrams, personal pleas. The Group has influential supporters in many walks of life. Prominent

Civil Servants, and the wives of Cabinet Ministers have been numbered among the members of the Oxford Group. But 170 does not represent their strength in the House of Commons.

I should say that the anti-Group strength is greater. There are members like Mr. A. P. Herbert who doubt the motives of the founders of the movement, and would have it banned at once. Some of its more fanatical opponents hint darkly that the Nazis have in the past made some use of the Oxford Group, and even that since the war started it is conceivable that they may have tried to use the movement to communicate with their friends in England. In so heated a controversy, facts are apt to get strangely distorted.

Anyway, when the war came Dr. Buchman had gone. He left his flock in London to face the blitz without a leader. He is directing matters from the sunniest part of California, where that other stalwart supporter of Moral Rearmament, Mr. Bunny Austin, finds the work of conversion of Californians more congenial than London in wartime.

Who Said "Quisling"?

THERE was a time, not long ago, when Mr. Ernest Bevin was generally accepted among politicians as a future Prime Minister. The odds are now lengthening against him. He's got more critics than friends at the moment, which may not be all his fault. There is something to be said for putting a man in control of something he knows a lot about, but not of something he knows most about. Mr. Bevin knows everything about the organisation of labour. He probably knows too much to be the most successful Minister of Labour.

Frequently the best administrators are those who know how to administer their departments which they take over with a fresh mind free from prejudice. The critics of the War Cabinet man-power policy are all blaming Mr. Bevin for what they believe is a pretty bad muddle. They say that Mr. Bevin has too many prejudices, which blind him to the necessities of our great national effort.

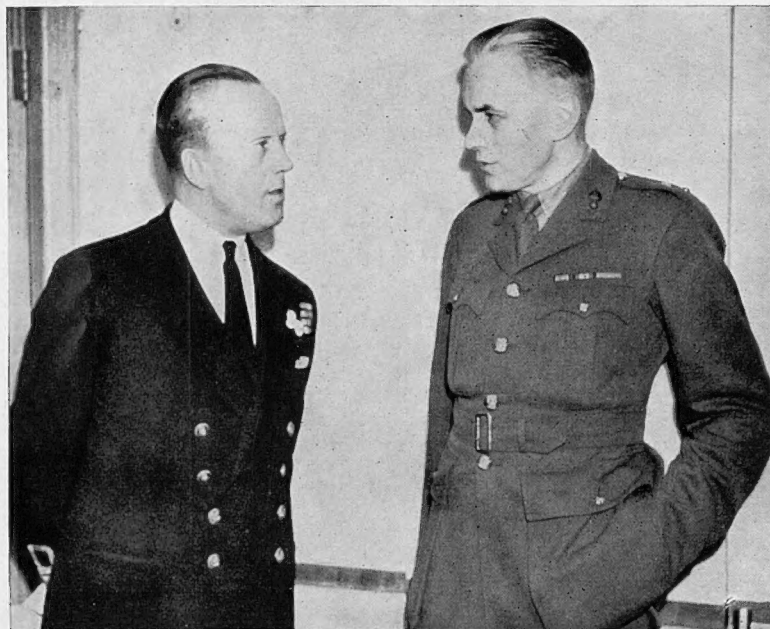
Mr. Bevin is not the man to take this lying down, and in one of his all too frequent speeches he is accused of calling his critics "quislings." This kind of talk may be all right in the inner councils of the T.U.C. Sir Walter Citrine, General Secretary of the T.U.C., who is outspoken in his criticisms of Mr. Bevin, may not mind. But it is not very edifying to the rest of the nation. Mr. Bevin says he did not use the word "quisling." His critics assert that a shorthand note, with the offending word plainly recorded, was taken at the time. Whether the word was used or not, there is still a man-power problem. Somebody has got to decide the size and strength of the field army, and the support it will get from the industrial army.

There are indications that the size of Britain's field army has been fixed and that provision is now being made for normal wastage. There has been severe combing-out in Army ranks. In future the young subaltern will not have a batman to himself; he'll have to share one with two other subalterns. The next problem is to muster all the skilled labour available to meet the requirements of our expanding factories.

Hitler's Pep Talk

HITLER has heartened his people. He has told them a big victory is near at hand. He flew from the Eastern Front to give this glad news. He must be very confident of the outcome of the present operations to have done this. I do not accept the view that his speech was defensive. He is making the biggest effort ever, and in doing so we can rest assured that everything has been done to ensure a success that can be made to resound through the world. If it fails . . . ?

The Russians have put up such magnificent resistance that there is always a danger of our failing to realise that in doing so they have



Lord Sempill Talks to an Expert on Russia

Lord Sempill presided at a lunchtime meeting of the Royal Empire Society recently. With him is Lieut.-Col. Alan Monkhouse, who spoke on Russia's resources. Lieut.-Col. Monkhouse, who is reported to be returning to Russia as adviser to the British Mission, was one of the six Metropolitan Vickers engineers imprisoned in Moscow in 1933, on charges of espionage and wrecking



America Meets Britain In Iceland

On the arrival in Iceland of the United States contingents who are to garrison the island, their commander, Major-General Bonesteel, was met by Major-General H. O. Curtis, commanding British troops in Iceland. The American force brought with them supplies and equipment of all kinds

had to give ground all the time and therefore their power of movement is gradually being decreased. They are being crushed back against their rear defence lines. Of course, Russia is a big country. Before the war started Stalin realised that he might have to retreat as far as the Urals. As long as he can retain some striking power to hit back at the Germans that will be all right. But the farther Hitler drives back the Russian armies the nearer he is to his goal—the disintegration of an organised Russian military machine which can strike him in the back.

Meanwhile, revolt spreads through the countries he has already occupied. Russia will be no exception. They will keep the pot boiling, whatever happens to their armies. Hitler's biggest problem is civil administration. In all the countries they have occupied the Nazis have shown themselves incompetent to organise civil life. Civil administration was once the pride of Germany, but the Norwegians were first to notice that the Nazis had sacrificed this gift to brute force and ignorance.

Stupidity, or Misunderstanding?

WHERE is Hess? This was the first question asked when the Germans started being funny about the repatriation of sick and wounded war prisoners. There was a belief prevalent that Hitler might be bargaining on English sentiment for her wounded to extract Hess from us at the last moment. They raised the question of civilian prisoners, but it seems that the whole unhappy business broke down because of German stupidity or genuine misunderstanding.

It may, of course, be due to the fact that the Germans got a shock when they realised that they would have to provide transport for so many British prisoners and get so few Germans home. Hitler's transport problems press hard upon him, and he may have wished to hide this fact by arguing over details. But the Italians are in the same position in relation to us as we are to the Germans. We have many more wounded Italians than they have British, but there is no indication that we are not going to be able to reach an agreement for their repatriation.

Meanwhile, the whereabouts of Hess remains unanswered. He may be in Canada; he may be in the wilds of Scotland; or perhaps he is not far from London. But he has certainly ceased to be anything more than a German prisoner of military age, and therefore ineligible for repatriation.

Silence is Russian

I HAVE previously drawn attention to the feting of M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador in London. At one time he lived a lonely life in his Embassy. By degrees his personality overcame many of the prejudices against him. Even so, there were politicians and socialites who now press round him who would then pass him by. The latest distinction offered to and accepted by M. Maisky is honorary membership of the Athenæum Club, haunt of bishops and bores.

Bishops! One can only imagine that the bishops had not wakened from their traditional slumbers in the club chairs when the election was about to be made; or they forgot their past condemnations of Communism. Of course, they may have been reading M. Maisky's recent speeches on the subject of religion in Russia and—wishing to forget the past—given him the benefit of their doubts.

Be that as it may, I do not doubt that M. Maisky will find himself at home in the Athenæum. He will be treated with the same silent regard as the Russian Government treats our Military Mission in Moscow. The bishops won't tell M. Maisky anything; nor



The Brains Trust of the Coastal Command

Air Vice-Marshal G. R. Bromet, Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert, dividers in hand, Air Vice-Marshal F. G. D. Hards, and Air-Commodore I. T. Lloyd plan U-boat destruction at Coastal Command headquarters. Sir Philip Joubert became C.-in-C. Coastal Command in June, succeeding Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, who, while in command, did so much to make this branch of the R.A.F. what it is today. Sir Frederick is now in Canada, commanding the delivery organisation of weapons from the U.S.A. Sir Philip Joubert has previously held the post of C.-in-C. Coastal Command, in 1936-37

does the Russian Government tell our Government anything. Quits!

Chief Whip, Martinet

LORD MONSELL, the new Chief Regional Commissioner for the south-east area, has still the neatest and slimmest figure I know for a man of his years. He is taking over from Sir Auckland Geddes, who is still suffering from eye trouble. As Commander "Bobby" Eyres-Monsell, Lord Monsell was Conservative Chief Whip for seven years; and a real martinet, too. In those days majorities had to be nursed and divisions organised. Lord Monsell had the perfect quarter-deck manner at all times, although his promotion to be First Lord of the Admiralty came as a surprise. He was the first—or one of the rare instances—where a former naval officer became head of the Admiralty.

He was First Lord for five years; then he suddenly threw up active political life. It was the swiftest break I have known in a long political life. Lord Monsell was then in his early fifties and full of energy and experience. But apparently he preferred to go out with Lord Baldwin of Bewdley when he resigned his premiership. Theirs had been a loyal political combination for fifteen years.

Beer, Bathing and Bobbies

LUCKY Fascists! In the Isle of Man they have enjoyed the best bathing and an adequate beer ration. Now they have got London policemen to look after them. As a Socialist, Mr. Herbert Morrison, the Home Secretary, might have been excused dealing more harshly with the malcontents who have been causing trouble in the camp. He was Leader of the London County Council when Mosley's men were beating up Jews in the East End. But instead of hardening the discipline and strengthening the military guard, he sends fifty London bobbies to use their powers of persuasion!

Time alone will tell how wisely the Fascist

problem has been handled in this country. The Communist "menace" of earlier days was strangled by the comparative freedom it was given to spread the doctrine. At no time did Communists number more than a few thousand throughout the country as a result. At the outbreak of the war, Sir Oswald Mosley's organisation was declining rapidly. He lacked not only money but the right type of men would not follow him. If Mosley was a traitor he should have been dealt with summarily; if not a traitor, he should have been allowed to languish in his freedom. By locking him up and detaining his few followers I suggest that the Government have planted a fine bunch of budding martyrs. The biggest martyr of all will be Sir Oswald Mosley who possesses poise and can pose. It will not be his fault if he doesn't try (I doubt his success in advance) to improve on the lesson of Landsberg Fortress which produced *Mein Kampf* and the bitterness of the author of Europe's present unhappiness.

Forgiving Frenchmen

ASTUTE Pierre Laval has appealed for clemency in the case of young Collet who tried to assassinate him. The death penalty has been reduced to one of imprisonment. At the same time from Vichy comes the news that Marshal Pétain, probably on Darlan's advice, has decided against the war guilt trials of former French statesmen such as Daladier, Mandel and the generalissimo Gamelin. It may be that Laval, Darlan and Pétain are anxious (for differing reasons) to avoid raising the temperature of French hate to a higher degree. There might be an explosion.

But the most interesting news that reaches me is that Paul Reynaud, recovered from the effects of his car crash when trying to escape from France, has offered his services to Marshal Pétain. In a letter to the Marshal, Reynaud is stated to have pledged his support to the Vichy Government and indicated his desire to serve in any capacity.

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

"49th Parallel" at Last

"THAT's for Picasso! That's for Thomas Mann! And this is for me!" These words, spoken by Leslie Howard, to the accompaniment of resounding blows, must be among some of the strangest on the screen. They are the practical manifesto of a cultured Scotch Canadian writer against the Nazi lust for cultural destruction. That is one end of the argument in *49th Parallel* (Odeon). At the other end we have the statement of the Canadian soldier saying to the Nazi: "I suppose a crawling louse like you can't understand that democracy means the right of every free man to be fed up with any damn thing that he damn well pleases, and to say so when he feels like it. When things go wrong we can take it. But we can also dish it out." Great statesmen have taken more words to say less.

AND what of the picture itself? It begins with the order of a U-boat commander to six of his men to raid the stores of the Hudson Bay Company in a remote corner of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The six Nazis land only to see their U-boat destroyed by bombers of the Royal Canadian Air Force. From that moment the six Nazis pit their hands and wits against the vast country their Führer has the impudence to think he can conquer. An impudence based perhaps on the old saying: "What does the wolf care how many the sheep be?" The capture of a flying boat and the start of the six on their journey to neutral U.S.A. is

magnificently exciting cinema. The flying boat crashes. Two of the six are killed, and only four reach the Hutterite Settlement. I must confess I found the next part of the film a little dull, and the propaganda a little too like sermonising. One of the Nazis is now shot by his own officer, which leaves three. The excitement is resumed, until presently only the officer is left. How his capture is effected must be left to the film to tell.

THE thing which makes this picture remarkable is its extraordinary fairness. To show the Nazis as unalloyed gangsters was never good enough. The philosophy of gangsterism is grabbing for one's self. The philosophy of Nazidom is grabbing on behalf of a nation, which is not less base, but has this difference, that in pursuit of this vile doctrine there is scope in the individual Nazi for loyalty, purpose, tenacity and unending courage.

Eric Portman gets into the skin of the lieutenant perfectly and as far as I am concerned, runs off with the film. Which, I suppose, is the reason why he is given only a very small photograph in the programme, while Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey, Laurence Olivier, and Anton Walbrook loom about ten times larger. They should therefore give performances ten times better than Mr. Portman, which is impossible. There is not a word about sex throughout, and I just can't understand why one of the six adventurers does not turn out to be a woman in

disguise escaping from Nazi tyranny to the arms of some stalwart member of the Canadian Mounted Police.

"WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs!" But also what first-class pictures! *The Great Lie* (Regal) is excellent cinema from its sparkling opening to its scintillating end. One might emend Pope, and in place of "causes" substitute "the American divorce laws." Bette Davis, a wee, warmhearted, small-town sort of girl quarrelled with her husband George Brent, who had fallen for handsome, sophisticated, beautifully groomed Mary Astor. And then George got muddled, or drunk, or both. Anyhow he married Mary before Bette's decree was made *nisi*, or whatever is the American equivalent, only to be told by his lawyer that he would have to marry Mary all over again.

Now Mary was by way of being a professional pianist; in fact one knew she was a professional because she would never play anything except the Tchaikowsky B Flat Minor Concerto and a hackneyed little waltz by Chopin. Being a pianist and star performer Mary was naturally given to tantrums, as the result of which George was getting just the least little bit tired of her, despite her *allure*. But Mary, who was as vain as they make them, had not sensed this, and when George said: "What about that second marriage on Thursday," shook her diamond ear-rings, and said No, she was playing the Tchaikowsky Concerto at Chicago on that day. "It's either Thursday or nothing," said George. And the next shot showed us Mary lamming into those opening chords before the élite of Chicago. Whereupon George went on a flying expedition to Brazil, and was presumed to have been lost in a crash.

THE reader has guessed that it was Bette and not Mary who really loved George, which was awkward when it turned out that Mary was going to have the baby Bette wanted and the other didn't. And then Bette had an idea. She said to Mary: "I am rich. You have no money except what you get from your playing. And you can't go on playing that damn Concerto for ever." (How little Bette knew of the concert world—she was indeed unsophisticated!) "You give me the baby when it is born, and I will settle something handsome on you for life." Mary agreed, and the two went up to Arizona to live in a shack while the baby was, so to speak, getting ready. In due course it was handed over to Bette, who passed it off as her own, Mary resumed pounding away in Washington, Boston and Detroit, two years passed and George turned up again. This was altogether too much for Mary, who interrupted her tour to claim her rightful child, the idea being that George in his capacity of doting father, would follow the baby. Whereupon Bette got her curls tangled up with George's waistcoat buttons, and George patted her tousled head and said he would rather live with the spiritual mother than the actual complete with baby and concerto. In fact, Mary could keep the child and welcome. Whereupon the women in the audience wept copiously, and the men reflected that George wasn't such a fool after all. But neither was Mary. Possession of the child, plus George, plus George's income was one thing; custody of the child solus was another. "You win!" she said, and went off to Philadelphia early in the morning to give the Concerto really What For.

Mr. Alan Dent calls this "nonsense and a dizzily unlikely tale." But my colleague also says that it is grandly acted. It is.

Pictures of "49th Parallel" were in last week's issue.



"You Give Me the Baby and I'll Give You a Settlement" . . .

. . . Or something to that effect is what Bette Davis—first wife—is saying to Mary Astor—second wife—in this still of "*The Great Lie*." George Brent is the man in the triangular story, of which Mr. Agate gives his own *précis* above. More pictures of "*The Great Lie*," which Edmund Goulding produced and which the Regal has been showing, were in our October 1 issue

War Workers Here and There



Diplomatic Stitchers at Seaford House

At Seaford House, Belgrave Square, formerly Lord Howard de Walden's London home, there is a W.V.S. Hospital Supplies depot of which Lady Colefax is chairman. Here are nine of the regular workers there, most of them the wives of diplomats—Mme. Moniz de Aragão, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador, Mme. Dumitrescu, wife of the former Roumanian Military and Naval Attaché, Mme. Leñaranda, Lady Joan Verney, president of the group, Mme. Torma, Mme. Tilea, whose husband was Roumanian Minister in London, and Mme. Ozoline; standing, Mrs. Gladwyn Jebb and Mme. Iliescu, wife of another former member of the Roumanian Legation staff



General de Gaulle and his Wife in the Country

Mme. de Gaulle has a country home near London, was photographed in the garden house there with her husband. It is not long since he returned from his five months' visit to the Middle East. The Free French leader now has the official position of President of the National Committee of Free France which was established last month. The de Gaulles have two children, a twenty-year-old son who is in the Free French Navy, and an eighteen-year-old daughter who has just taken her baccalauréat at the Institut Français



Hospital Flower for the King of Greece

Lady Kennedy sold the white narcissus-emblem of Hospitals' Day to King George of the Hellenes and his brother, the Crown Prince. She is the wife of Major-General Sir John Kennedy, vice-chairman of the Red Cross and St. John War Organisation



Flower-Sellers in the West End

Miss Joanna Banks, Mrs. Harold Grenfell, Miss Penelope Henderson, Miss Diana Portman, Miss Rachel Bury and Miss Audrey Stern were six of the army of flower sellers who were on the streets of London from early morning onwards on Hospitals' Day last week. It was hoped to beat the record set up on Hospitals' Day in May

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Sorotchintsi Fair (Savoy)

FOR this ambitious venture at the Savoy Theatre, Russia's entry into the war is mainly responsible. Before the curtain rose on the first performance, the London Symphony Orchestra played "God Save the King" and the "International," and the whole of the audience rose to its feet and remained standing throughout both pieces. When the curtain fell at the finish of the performance, George Kirsta, who was responsible for the production, made a speech about links. Long may they last. Friendship with Russia will be as desirable after as it was before and is during the war. There can be no doubt that during the past few months there has been great enthusiasm in this country for the fight fought by the Russian Army.

Whether there has been or is likely to be any corresponding increase of enthusiasm for Russian art, I am, despite Tyrone Guthrie's revival of *The Cherry Orchard*, Philip Ridgeway's forthcoming revival of *Uncle Vanya*, the production at the Vaudeville of *Squaring the Circle*, and this new season at the Savoy, inclined to doubt, since Russian art won't help us to win the war, and since it is by this standard that we are encouraged to judge everything at the present time.

THE overture — Rimsky-Korsakov's "Three Wonders from Tsar Saltan"—was, I thought, superb; the opera itself—by Mussorgsky—less exhilarating, in spite of lovely passages. Foreign comedy is more difficult to appreciate than foreign tragedy. Foreign folklore is so native that only too often it wilts in an alien climate and on alien soil.

The presiding spirit in *The Fair of Sorotchintsi* is Krassnaya Switka, "a pig-headed devil in a red coat who is said to haunt the place in order to seek the remnants of his magic scarlet

overcoat, which he had pawned with a crooked innkeeper in payment for drinks." No doubt the Russians understand him as clearly as we understand Puck. But if you have never heard of him before, this opera certainly does not help to make him clear. He remains, indeed, as much a mystery at the end as he was at the beginning and is in the middle.

The main story concerns a young couple whose match is favoured by the girl's bibulous father but opposed by her dominant mother. However, the mother being herself detected in an irregular amour, she loses the whip hand, and all ends happily for everybody else. Gogol wrote the original story which, by the time it reaches us, has achieved a kind of unfathomable simplicity.

I HOPE that this production is but the first of a series, since there are far lovelier operas waiting to be revived and since there is plenty of talent in the company assembled. Arsene Kirilloff (the father) is an excellent character actor and a fine baritone. Parry Jones (the mother's paramour) is an artist of the first quality. Lipa Balmont (a gipsy) has a sense of the theatre that is almost Irvingesque.

I was less happy over Edward Boleslawski (the young man) in whose voice there is little light and shade and whose gestures are limited to two. When he enters to sing a beautiful lament all alone in the moonlight, he comes straight down to the footlights and delivers himself of his burden straight at the audience



The gipsy (Lipa Balmont) lets the priest's son (Parry Jones) out of the box

like a concert singer, killing all the mystery and emotion. This, however, is the fault of the producer.

Daria Bayan (the daughter) has charm, serenity and a voice so pure and unforced that nature is not more natural. Possibly Oda Slobodskaya would be judged by operatic experts to be a finer singer, but there is a measure of self-assurance in everything she does that detracts from one's appreciation.

THE decor is disappointing, the dancing undistinguished, though the Gopak with which the entertainment concludes is performed with splendid verve. As I have already indicated, the orchestra is the London Symphony Orchestra, which is good enough for me, for you, and, it is pretty safe to say, for everybody.

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Lovers' duet by Gritsko and Parassia (Edward Boleslawski and Daria Bayan)



Khivria, the wife who has a secret lover (Oda Slobodskaya), and Tcherevick, the husband who prefers bottle to watermelon (Arsene Kirilloff)



The merry-makers of Sorotchintsi, a Ukrainian village, group themselves round the gipsy fortune-teller (Lipa Balmont), whose tale of a "pig-headed devil in a red coat" plays its part in the gay, inconsequent story

Russian Opera

Mussorgsky's "Sorotchintsi Fair" at the Savoy Theatre

Mussorgsky's comic opera, *Sorotchintsi Fair*, which is based on a story of Gogol, who himself was a native of Sorotchintsi, began its three weeks' run at the Savoy Theatre on Monday last week. Most of the chief singers, as well as conductor, producer and choreographer (Catherine Devillier) are Russian—an exception is Parry Jones, who had to take an intensive course of Russian while rehearsing his part. The London Symphony Orchestra play. Mr. Farjeon's article on the opera is on the opposite page

Tunbridge-Sedgwick



The four chief singers at the opening performance were Oda Slobodskaya as Khivria, Daria Bayan as Parassia, Arsene Kiriloff as Tcherevick, Edward Boleslawski, the Polish tenor, as Grijsko. The first two take more or less alternating performances with, respectively, Kyra Vayne and Nina Lenova



Left: Diana Gould, première danseuse in the ballet "Night on the Bare Mountain," is with Mme. Kirsta, Anatole Fistoulari, the musical director and conductor, and George Kirsta, producer (with Catherine Devillier) and designer of the decor and dresses. Fistoulari toured with Chaliapine, and conducted for the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo; earlier in the war he served in the French Army, was evacuated from Dunkirk. Kirsta, like Fistoulari, comes from Kiev, has designed for the stage and painted portraits in Russia, Germany and Austria

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Australian Party

THE Australian Press gave a big cocktail party for Mrs. Jackson, head of all Australian women's papers, who is over here to organise the distribution of Australian Bundles for Britain, which are being run on the same lines as the American ones.

There were lots of smart and interesting people there: Mrs. Reggie Fellowes, in silver fox, on her hat too; Lady Beattie, Lady Stanley of Alderley, Air Commandant Trefusis-Forbes, the head of the W.A.A.F.; Lady Evans, wife of Admiral Sir Edward Evans of the Broke, who was extremely popular in Australia when they were over there; Signor Dino Borgioli, the opera singer, and his charming wife, who was Miss Mort, a well-known name in Australia; Miss Caroline Haslett, who is recruiting women for the factories; Group Captain Macnamara, V.C., in charge of the R.A.A.F.; Sir Mark Hilberry, Mrs. James Rodney, Lord Ebbisham, Mrs. John Rathbone, M.P.

More There—and Absentees

MR. AND MRS. DREXEL BIDDLE looked in; and the Chinese Ambassador sent a representative. The first V.C. in the Australian Air Force, Hugh Edwards, wrote that he had not got the invitation in time to come, which was a pity. Other Australians were Sir Charles and Lady McCann—

he was Agent-General of South Australia, and is a great authority and enthusiast on racing and bloodstock, and has been buying many famous horses over here; Commander "Blanco" White; Mrs. Muriel Mackay, sister-in-law of Ivan Mackay, known as "Ivan the Terrible"; Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Bruce, Mrs. and Miss Watt, Doris Lady Orr-Lewis, Miss Madge Elliott, and Miss Ann Mathieson, largely responsible for the party.

Still more people there were Lady Kemsley, Wing Commander Rickards, Air Chief-Marshal R. H. Peck, Flight Officer Hanbury, who got an M.B.E. in the W.A.A.F.; Lady Marguerite Strickland, Sir Jocelyn and Lady Lucas, and Mr. Hector Bolitho.

Farewell Party

GENERAL LEE gave a party to say good-bye to Mrs. Mike Scanlon, who has gone to rejoin her husband in Washington. For over six years they were at the U.S. Embassy over here, and enormously popular; it was a very sad occasion to see the last of her, for the duration at any rate. She was looking delightful, in black with big mauve orchids, and Mr. and Mrs. Drexel Biddle were among the people there to give her a send-off.

Others were Mrs. Randolph Churchill, with lovely unhatted red hair, and a black coat and skirt; Mr. and Mrs. Charles



Sq.-Ldr. Maddick and Lady Veronica Hornby

Squadron Leader E. H. Maddick, R.A.F.V.R., and Lady Veronica Hornby, W.A.A.F., were married at Gloucester Register Office. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Maddick, of 33, St. John's Avenue, Putney Hill, S.W. She is the sister of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. She divorced her first husband, Mr. R. A. Hornby, last year, has a nine-year-old daughter, Mariette

Sweeny, she in a red-and-blue feathered hat; Mrs. Robin Wilson, Major Archie Campbell, General Royce, Admiral Ghormley, Commander Bailey, Mr. Robert Montgomery, Mrs. Anita Bodley, Miss Elaine Farquarson.

Lady Courtney arrived for the dinner-party after cocktails—Sir Christopher had been having his leg taken out of plaster that afternoon.

Private View

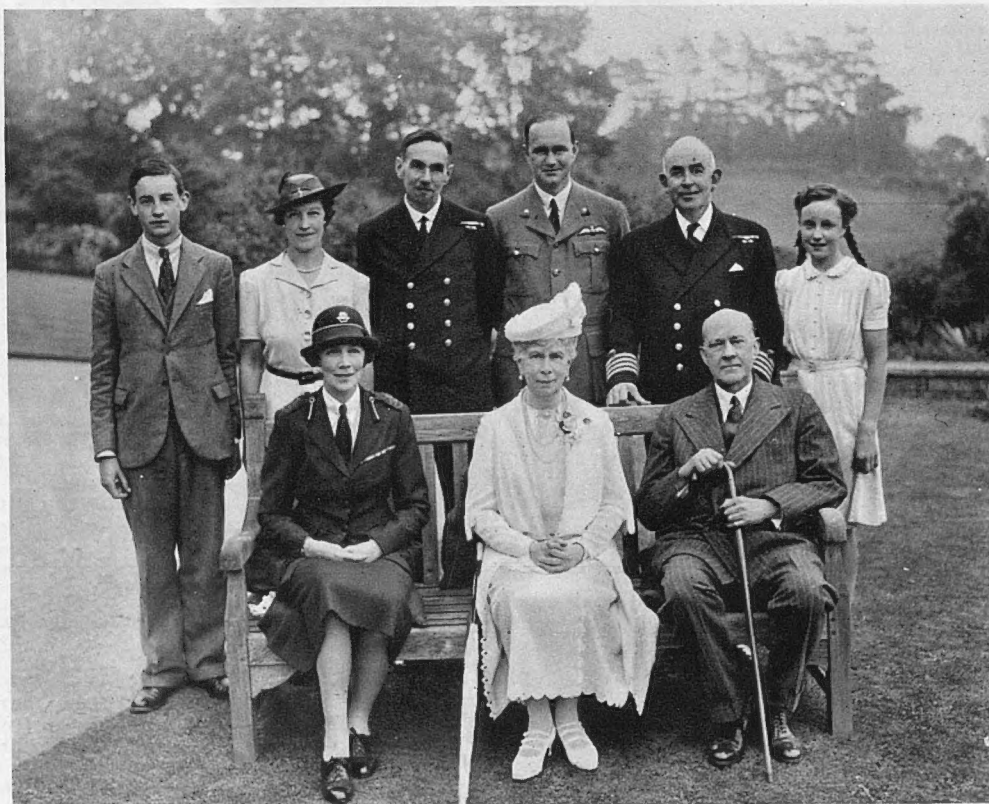
COUNTESS RACZYNSKA opened the private view of paintings by Boleslaw Leitgeber, First Secretary at the Polish Embassy. Mr. Leitgeber is also the author and illustrator of a book about London in Polish, published recently, and called *Londyn*. He lives down at Richmond, where he enjoys his garden, and is a charming, quiet person. He has studied architecture and painting in Warsaw, Berlin and France, and has exhibited in Paris at the Galerie Zak and the Salon, where his "Jeune Fille Nue" was a great success in 1938.

This is his first exhibition over here, and it includes studies of London ruins: "Fire Around St. Paul's" is obviously an excellent subject; so is "Middle Temple Hall" and "St. Clement Danes, Strand."

There is also an excellent portrait—"The Psychoanalyst" (Mr. Philip Metman), very real-looking, with the sort of compelling eye that almost extracts confessions to the canvas; some ballet studies—a lovely Act II. decor for *Le Lac des Cygnes*—and two darling little pictures of mushrooms, "Mushrooms, in Red" and "Mushrooms, in Brown."

Wedding Party

CAPTAIN PETER MACINTYRE KEMP, son of the late Sir Norman Kemp, and Lady Kemp, and Miss Hilda Elizabeth Phillips were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride's brother,



Queen Mary at Wotton-under-Edge

W. Dennis Moss

Queen Mary paid a visit to the Red Cross Supply depot at Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire, not long ago, when this photograph was taken. In front are Lady Tubbs, Queen Mary, Sir Stanley Tubbs, Bt.; at the back, Michael Willway, Mrs. Willway, Commander B. Dean, R.N., F.-O. W. R. D. Perkins, M.P. for Stroud, Captain Ernle Money, R.N., Miss Elizabeth Willway. Sir Stanley Tubbs, whose home is at Wotton-under-Edge, takes a prominent part in the public life of Gloucestershire



In Charge of Allotments

Mrs. R. S. Hudson, wife of the Minister of Agriculture, congratulated Miss Barbara Tarber on the latter's new job as gardener in charge of the Hyde Park model allotments. Mr. Albert Blye, who formerly occupied this position, has been called up for military service



The A.T.S. at Bryn Ivor Hall

Members of the A.T.S. who are billeted at Sir Leighton Seager's place, Bryn Ivor Hall, Castleton, in Monmouthshire, were photographed with Sir Leighton and Lady Seager (in the centre) while walking in the grounds. Sir Leighton, who was in the Artists Rifles in the last war, married Miss Marjorie Gimson in 1921, and they have two sons and two daughters. Their activities in Monmouthshire are referred to in Bridget Chetwynd's article this week

Sir Lionel Phillips, gave her away; her sister, Miss Pamela Phillips, and Mrs. Hennessy were bridesmaids; and Mr. Michael Scott was best man. The wedding-party was carried on afterwards at the May Fair, where Prince Paul of Greece again had a table. Mr. Reggie Bessemer-Clarke was there too—his wife, now in Australia with her baby, was Elaine Brookes, daughter of Norman Brookes, the tennis player, and a friend of Norma Shearer's.

Having Fun

SATURDAY night at the Suivi was as full and gay as usual—it has slightly bolder lights and more clatter than the Four Hundred, which has an almost churchy atmosphere of hush and shadow, more or less pleasant, according to how one feels.

Lord Brougham and Vaux was at the Suivi, Mr. Edward and Lady Helen Jessel (Lord Londonderry's daughter), Rex Harrison, taking horn-rimmed spectacles on and off; Lilli Palmer, Prudence Hyman, like a black-and-white drawing; Lady Phyllis Allen, Miss Elizabeth Sinclair, with lovely long, curly eyelashes, who is up at Oxford studying medicine; Mr. Iain Moncreiffe, and a big, jolly crowd besides.

People About

MRS. ALISTAIR KING was out having a drink—she is a sister of Mr. Jocelyn Abel-Smith, now a prisoner of war. Also Mrs. Fanshawe, who was Miss Viola Ismay, and Mr. Roger Wright, gone quite grey since the war.

Lady Bridgett Poulett was looking very pretty in Piccadilly, in a black hat, and her hair long; Miss Dorothy Dickson was in a check coat and little flat hat.

Lady Foley, and her son, Lord Foley, who writes the music to Mr. Keiran Tunney's lyrics, have been staying in London; and Mrs. Larry Kirwan, having sent her young daughter, Jennifer, to a boarding-school, has come up to London from the

country, taken a flat in Chelsea, and is driving for the Red Cross. Their canteen has been very busy feeding people at the four-day Chelsea Fair, got up by the Red Cross for their own funds.

Mr. Bobby Howes looked cheerful, out lunching before a matinee.

From Monmouthshire

THERE has been a great turn-out of the Forces in Monmouth, when troops, tanks, guns, and representatives of all the Services, military and civil, passed through the old fortified gateway over the Monnow Bridge, and marched past Sir Henry Mather-Jackson, Lord Lieutenant of the County, who took the salute, supported by the Mayor and Mayoress of Monmouth, Sir Talbot Chetwynd, Commandant of the Monmouthshire War Reserve and Special Constabulary, and Lady Chetwynd, Lady Mather-Jackson, Lord and Lady Raglan, and Sir Leighton and Lady Seager.

Lady (Leighton) Seager is acting as Welfare Officer to the women of the Forces, having been appointed by the War Office to help Lord Tredegar in his welfare work, and also has a lot of A.T.S. billeted at her country home, Bryn Ivor Hall, where the local A.F.S. are established in the garages and evacuee children from the London area have fun and parties arranged for them there too.

In Scotland and Sussex

LADY ELGIN is president of the Fife branch of the British Red Cross Society, and at a function up there was presented with a cheque for £40 for the Prisoners of War Fund. Miss Patterson presided, and Miss Newlands, Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Irwin were on the platform with Lady Elgin, who made a speech about the Fund.

Down at Hove there has been a demonstration by the Women's League of Health and Beauty, at which Lady David Douglas-Hamilton made an appeal on behalf of the Lady Chichester Hospital at Hove, which is

a pioneer hospital for the treatment of all forms of early nervous disorder.

A special reception committee, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Edward MacManus, welcomed Lady David, the former Miss Prunella Stack, who, later, herself took part in the demonstration, which was produced by Miss Elizabeth Henderson.

In Eire

SIR JOHN MAFFEY, with Mr. John Betjeman, British Press representative, went to the Peacock Theatre in Dublin to see *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Maurice O'Brien produced and played the lead in this popular Shaw comedy, and Christopher Casson, son of Dame Sybil Thorndike and Lewis Casson, had a part.

Delia Murphy, wife of Dr. Kiernan, Director of Broadcasting, flew to London from Ireland to record a group of North of Ireland songs, some of which she had edited.

A visitor to Birr, now back here, is Captain J. W. Ashton, Northamptonshire Regiment, who has been spending a few days with Colonel Woods.

Chelsea Fair

THIS went on for four days, in aid of the Chelsea Red Cross, and had a tremendous variety of "attractions"—an exhibition of pictures by various artists (T. Dugdale, Douglas Burrage, Stanley Grimm, R. Myerscough-Walker, and others), ballet photographs by Anthony, and paintings by Theyre Lee-Elliott; sculpture by Ralph Roberts and Raoh Schoor; an "Old Chelsea" exhibit arranged by Charles Beard; a fashion review, organ recitals, and all sorts.

It happened at St. Mark's College, which has an interesting old Chelsea history; and on the organising committee were Mr. J. N. S. Green, chairman; Frank Bennett, Denise Creswell, Clifford Hall, Catherine Kirby, Kathleen Tegart, and Alan Wells.

Photographs by
Elliott & Fry

Bomb Maker

The Countess of Wharncliffe

In the last war Lady Wharncliffe, then just grown up and not yet married, worked in a munitions factory that was making shells. Now she is running her own munition-making—in a disused building planned and equipped by her as a workshop where part of the process of bomb-making can be carried out. Profits from her workshop go to a comforts fund for the crews of four corvettes. Lady Wharncliffe, who is the eldest of Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam's four daughters and a niece of the Marquess of Zetland, married Viscount Carlton, son of the second Earl of Wharncliffe, in 1918. Her husband succeeded to his title and Wortley Hall, his place near Sheffield, in 1926. He was formerly in the Life Guards, and now commands a Home Guard area. He and Lady Wharncliffe have five children, a six-year-old son, Viscount Carlton, and four daughters, three doing war work, and one at school. The eldest, Lady Ann Montagu-Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie, married a sailor, Commander V. R. Salvin Bowlby, R.N., in 1939

Lady Wharncliffe in Her Working Dress

More War Pictures

And Some of the
Official Artists



Frank Dobson, the eminent sculptor, is now doing work for the Admiralty, and contributed this water-colour of a destroyer in dry-dock. He was bombed out of Bristol and is now living at Kingsley, Borden, in Hampshire



Sumsby
Captain Barraclough, R.N., was painted by Sir Muirhead Bone on the bridge of a minelayer. At the Press show of the latest instalment of war pictures Captain Barraclough was photographed beside the painting



Lady Clark, wife of the Director of the National Gallery, is here with Leslie Cole and the latter's picture "Manufacturing the Largest Bomb." Sir Kenneth Clark resigned his post as Controller of Planning at the Ministry of Information in September

Below: John Piper has added the ruined Council Chamber of the House of Commons to his series of bombed cathedrals and churches. Most of his solemn, richly coloured paintings are now with the various exhibitions of war pictures on tour in this country and in Canada and the U.S.A.



John Piper Has Painted the House of Commons

Five Official War Artists and Sir Kenneth Clark



Dame Laura Knight has painted two W.A.A.F. heroines, Assistant Section Leader E. Henderson and Sergeant H. Turner, who were two of the first three members of that service to be awarded the Military Medal—for courage and devotion to duty during raids. Beside the picture stands Flight Officer Mrs. Hanbury, M.B.E., W.A.A.F.

Left: Barnett Freedman, Sir Muirhead Bone, Edward Ardizzone, Eric Ravilious and Anthony Gross are five of the leading artists working for the M.O.I. Artists' Advisory Committee, of which Sir Muirhead Bone is a member and Sir Kenneth Clark (right) is chairman. The latter recently helped to choose yet another selection of war pictures—those of Civil Defence artists which are on show at the Cooling Galleries in New Bond Street

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT old excuse of the London citizenry, namely, that every Lord Mayor looks so exactly like every other Lord Mayor that the hamfaced mob can't be expected to raise a huzza regularly once a year, will work no longer. The Lord Mayor-elect for 1942, Lieut.-Col. Sir John Laurie, Croix de Guerre, wears a beard which will enhance all that official fur and lace and goldsmithery for the first time, apparently, for centuries.

Had this device been used deliberately at discreet intervals, many Lord Mayors of London might have had less public apathy to complain of. The Parisians of the Third Empire, struck cockeyed by the magnificence of the visiting Lormaire at the State opening of the new Opera, were metagrobolised, historians say, by the great gilt coach and the stupendous calves and wigs of his Lordship's flunkies, rather than by the dignified and cleanly, but not otherwise memorable, features of his Lordship himself. A flaming red (or green) property beard supplied at the last moment by the City Remembrancer would have got that forgotten Lord Mayor's features on every front page in the world, and made him the social idol of *le Tout-Paris* and a figure in history.

Spectacle

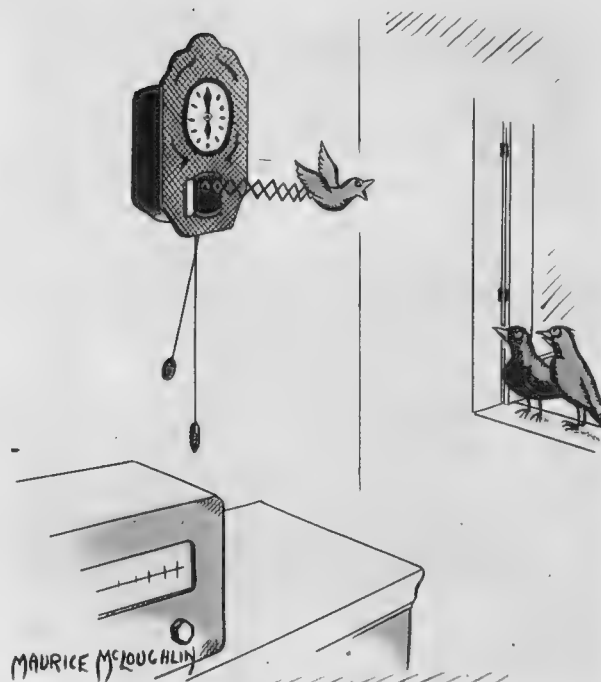
YOU'D think every new Lord Mayor would grow a beard immediately on election if only to dissociate himself from the Sheriffs, whose round, rosy, cleanshaven, opulent pans loomed so significant and symbolic, alas! in the very last pre-war November 9 procession.

Have you forgotten how, after a fierce and terrible platoon of Fitness Girls, their iron jaws set in austere determination to keep fit, their chests and leg-muscles bulging with ruthlessness, had stamped past the awestruck mob amid an appalled silence, the Fatness Boys came rolling and beaming along in their carriages, the very picture of rich living, cosy self-indulgence, and prosperous, complacent bonhomie?

An hysterical cheer went up in the Strand, probably for the first time in London's history. It was the craven populace awaking from a nightmare of fear.

Test

WITH an exquisitely non-committal absence of expression—like Prince Talleyrand, according to a critic, in the



"He always comes out for the news"

act of receiving a kick in his immaculate black satin pants—the Foreign Office examiners are probably meditating a sound suggestion offered them the other day by Mr. Douglas Woodruff, Talleyrand's biographer.

Mr. Woodruff's suggestion is that every otherwise suitable F.O. candidate should be required to throw a luncheon or dinner-party, marks being awarded presumably for selection of food and wine, selection and placing of guests, and general conversational tact, adroitness, savoir-faire, and hospitably diplomatic charm. To which we might add that in every such party at least one notorious and crashing bore ("one of those middle-aged mediocrities," as Wilde said, "who have no enemies, but are thoroughly disliked by their friends") would obviously be essential. Finally we would assume that the examiner would carefully note the demeanour of the candidate-host at the end of the meal, when slightly flushed; the supreme test, as everybody knows. Any sucking diplomat who emerged from this examination with high marks could be said to have Britain's welfare safely in his hands.

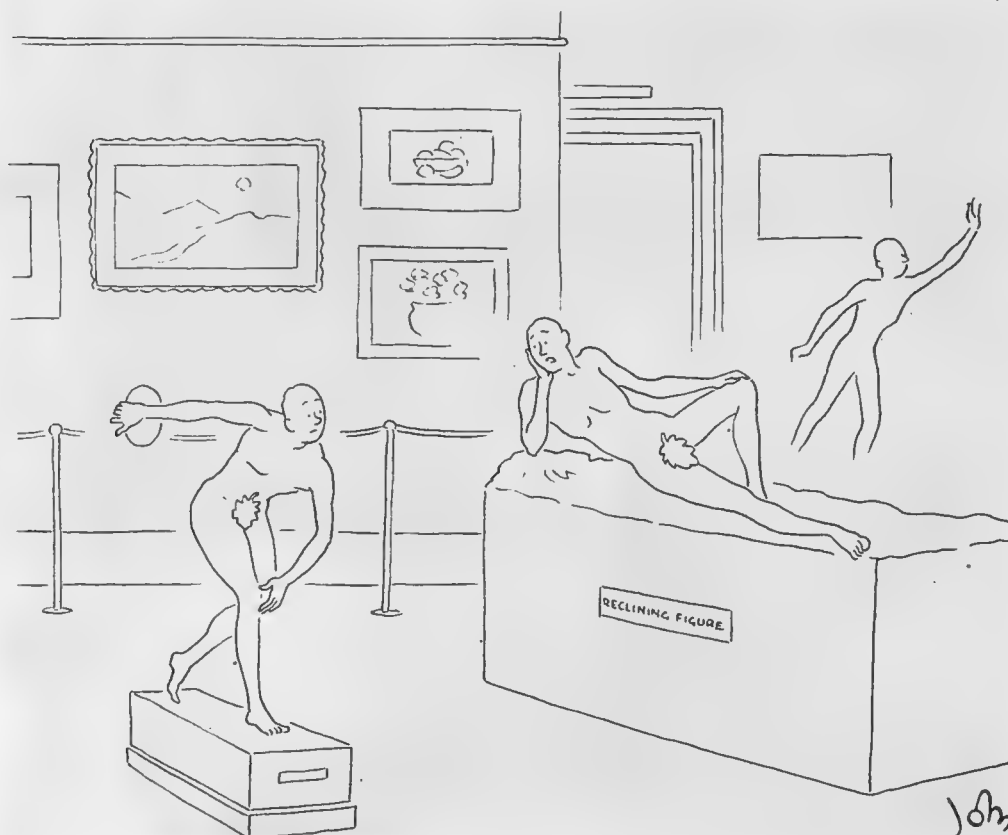
The aperitif stage seems to us extremely important. Ambassadors naturally offer you sherry. The candidate might offer cocktails as well, the examiner carefully noting his expression when a guest chose the mixed poisons of the uncivilised. One tiny, tiny wince, zero.

Gigglewater

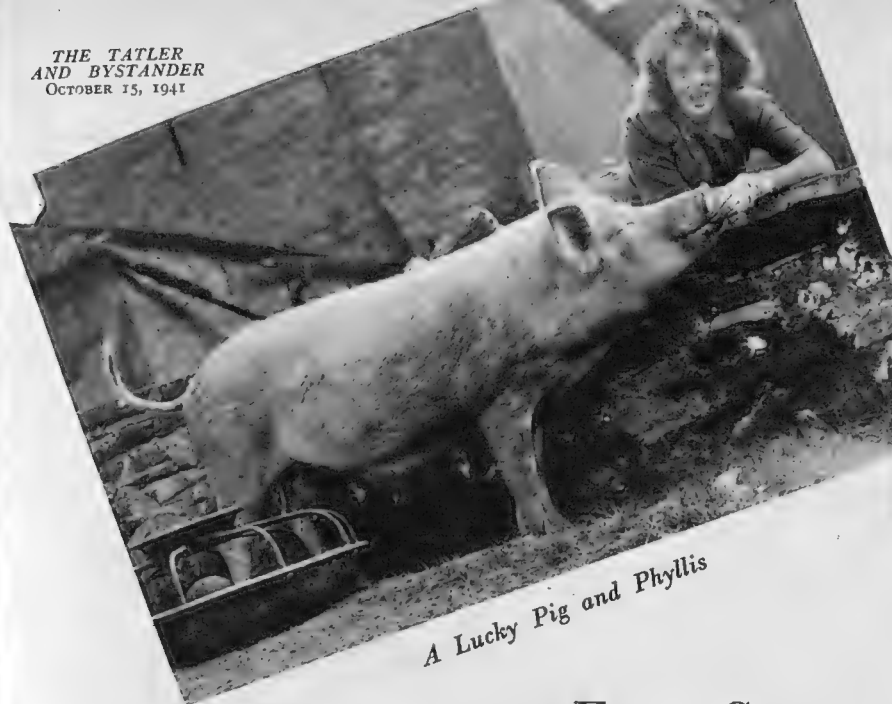
ANDRÉ SIMON's estimate a week or two ago that there are some 100,000 bottles of French champagne left in this country, and they will last rather less than a year, rings a pretty dismal bell even in the ears of those who, like us, would give half-a-dozen magnums of elegant gigglewater for a single bottle of a Chambertin or a Clos du Tart or a Larose of 1929, or some other peak year. For the stocks of good wine must be running low, also.

Our heart rarely bleeds for stockbrokers and big business men, but they're going to present a pathetic spectacle when the waiter says the champagne has given out and blondes stare at them with hostile, accusing eyes. The Russians, unless we err,

(Concluded on page 86)



"When that bomb fell in the next gallery, I was simply petrified"



A Lucky Pig and Phyllis



Round the Estate on Horseback

From Stage to Farm

Phyllis Robins Works on the Land

Phyllis Robins, who was one of the successful stars of *Shepherd's Pie*, started her career as a crooner with several first-class dance bands. She was the first B.B.C. woman crooner, and was a popular feature on the air in "Monday Night at Seven." Lately she has been working hard at a different kind of business, running her own farm in Cumberland. She is seen below with some of the implements of her toil. Phyllis is due back on the London stage about Christmas time in a new show



Phyllis has a few minutes' conversation with a goat on her Cumberland farm which she runs with the aid of one man. She keeps a variety of animals, grows corn and roots, and ploughs with a tractor



Very practically dressed in overall and clogs, Phyllis does the milking herself, and seems pretty efficient at the business, judging by the contented look of the cow's hindquarters



Standing By ...

(Continued)

produce from Crimean vines a kind of champagne of great horror, though good enough for blondes, and this may replace the real thing fairly adequately. Something bubbly with a kick in it is all a big business man needs to lead up to the "Don't-call-me-Mr.-Weisenkrantz-little-girl-call-me-Laddie" opening, after all. ("I'm-just-a-dreamer-myself" comes half an hour after this, not before. Many a powerful City mogul with a thousand trembling serfs at his beck has missed the boat by making this mistake.) But there is a fearful hang-over after the Russian stuff, they say.

Shock

To realise that before very long, for the first time since Clovis was anointed at Rheims, which is some time ago now, there may be no French wine in this country at all—let alone champagne—is a grievous thing. We didn't know how well off we were in World War I., when the vineyards flourished and Mr. Bottomley, Tribune of the People, was putting it across the populace with the aid of a few magnums a day. Heaven help our demagogues when the last gilt cork pops.

Stick

Rosy thinkers who talk as if Boche-ridden Europe can rise in a body suddenly against tanks, flamethrowers, Stukas, and machine-guns are of course talking through their conical paper hats. But if anything approaching local man-to-man equality should occur, as a Free French chap recently remarked, homely makeshift weapons like billhooks might yet turn out a decisive factor in skilled hands. He oddly enough didn't mention the *maquila* of the Basques.

Merely a pointed stick of very hard native wood, the *maquila* in the hands of the cleanly and incomprehensible Basque can be the deadliest kind of forked lightning. No bayonet or sword could stop it, and it could, with luck, disarm even Tommy-gunners with ease, we surmise. A *maquila* display by experts, such you saw sometimes in Pyrenéan villages, though less often of recent years, involved more perfect

co-ordination of muscle, eye, timing and footwork than pelota, which—as anybody will agree who ever saw iron-wristed Chiquito or some other ace flogging the ball at Biarritz or St. Jean-de-Luz—is no sissy game. The *maquila* can kill, also.

Reflection

No other race but the Basques, unless we err, has ever developed the stick thus. Our rustic Island forefathers (stout fellows, God rest them) twirled a pretty singlestick, but could not thrust lethally with it. Dear old Mrs. Herne, when she tried with gipsy verve to rid the earth of bouncing George Borrow, chose a sharply-pointed stick but seems to have been badly let down by old age, fury, and poor timing. Maybe the fact that Borrow had previously proved as impervious to poisoned cakes as Rasputin (whom he somewhat resembled) unnerved the poor old haybag.

We keep on saying it—the cult of the gifted amateur in this country is disastrous, as so many bland current Cabinet speeches reveal.

Cry

THAT new recruiting poster showing a ravishing Ziegfeld Folly with an A.T.S. cap perched archly on her golden locks has already moved a weary citizen to ask one of the papers what the hell. Is the A.T.S. advertising for a beauty-chorus or what? he cried.

He's perfectly right to complain, and it's high time the publicity boys began to lay off the glamour racket, which is driving masses of citizens half crazy, like being forcibly fed on expensive liqueur chocolates without respite night and day in a gaudy pink-lit restaurant to the throbbiest, silkiest kind of Irving Berlinesquerie, which is death.

Moreover, the difference between those glamour-posters and the average feminine military—or civil, if it comes to that—pan is so exasperating that we've seen chaps beat their heads against the walls in a frenzy. One average honest, healthy, freckled, pleasant, homely dial advertising the women's services, one single tailor's advertisement with a Major saying laughingly, "Gad, you look fine in that uniform, sweetheart, but why not take off the old respirator?" would bring relief.



"There appears to have been a slight mistake, sir"

We must ask the publicity boys to stop it, please. This fantastic self-expression deceives nobody, and it's a bit of a reflection on their home-life, at that.

Rise

RATHER deplorable, we thought that trick played on a London daily the other day, causing it innocently to print as a serious poem of Empire a little parody of the Oompah School of Imperial Verse written by Sir John Squire many years ago.

Deplorable, because it was popping off a sitter, the Fleet Street boys being far too busy to have much time for reading, as everybody knows. There was more excuse for undergraduates who used at one time to copy out and send highbrow weeklies little-known chunks from the middle of *Adonais* (Shelley) or *Lamia* (Keats), with earnest little notes begging as newcomers to poetry, for the Editor's advice and criticism. Very, very often, we believe, they got a kindly patronising reply saying their stuff was not bad as a maiden effort, though not quite up to *Spectator* (or *Athenæum*, or whatnot) standard, and even advising them to persevere. And of course there is the appalling case of Auntie Times, lured into printing an alleged Kipling poem, very sad doggerel, in the last war. . . .

The only leg-pulling of this type which is decent and even valuable is the kind which causes the high-hat to fall with a crash on his south-western end, as off a banana-skin. This punishment of *hubris* or stinking spiritual pride in high places, one of the major themes of Greek tragedy, is as necessary to-day as it ever was.

But the Fourth Form ought to be left alone, we urge. Is it cricket? as the American spectator asked when the Test batsman turned out to have been dead for some hours.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"To heel! Blenheim! Spitfire!
Flying Fortress! Hurricane!"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



“What we want is a pincers movement. One blinkin’ arm comin’ down from Spitzbergen, t’other one comin’ up from Dakar, so as to make Europe just a pocket of resistance, see?” (No answer.)



Daisy Kennedy—Violinist and Band-Leader

Tunbridge-Sedgwick

When John Drinkwater, poet and dramatist, died in 1937, his widow, Daisy Kennedy, the well-known Australian violinist, found herself with an eight-year-old daughter to support and educate, and a home to keep together for little Penelope and the two daughters of her first marriage to the pianist, Benno Moiseiwitsch. To do this, she gave up the career of concerts and recitals that had taken her all over the world, and became—what she still is—leader-conductor of the orchestra of the Regent Palace Hotel. Tania, her eldest daughter, is now designer of decor at the Playhouse, Oxford; Sandra works on radiolocation in the W.A.A.F.; and Penelope, from New England, sends poetry home to her mother for her candid criticism. Miss Kennedy was photographed in her Hurlingham flat with the violin made by Amati, master of Stradivarius, which went daily to work with her through last winter's blitz. The sculptured head of her was done by Anna Denhoff in Vienna when Miss Kennedy was rehearsing for a Bach recital there; the water-colour portrait is by Bess Norris, the Australian miniaturist.

Five Young Dancers

Who Are Soloists in the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company



Derek Mendl

Derek Mendl is one of the young men whose opportunity as soloist has come early because of the calling-up of the older members of the company. He has improved very rapidly, and has taken over with credit the difficult role in "Les Patineurs" which was created for Harold Turner. He has also shown himself a good character actor, for example, as the old Tutor in "Le Lac des Cygnes." In "The Sleeping Princess" he takes Ashton's role of Puss-in-Boots



Palma Nye

Palma Nye is a dancer whose intelligent and thorough work it is always a pleasure to see. She is excellent in character roles such as the Commère in "Harlequin in the Street" and Webster, the maid, in "The Wedding Bouquet." She was photographed as the leading Wise Virgin in Ashton's Bach ballet



Patricia Garnett

Patricia Garnett is a young demi-character dancer of considerable virtuosity. She understudies Mary Honer and shares with her the brilliant interlude of technical fireworks in "Les Patineurs," which shows just how fast and strong a dancer she is. Her "Sleeping Princess" variation is the Camelia Fairy's

Margaret Dale, who created her first role as Cupid in "The Prospect Before Us" last year, has quality, lightness and speed, and the feet of a born dancer. She improves all the time, created another delightful role in "Orpheus and Eurydice," dances the Songbird Fairy variation in "The Sleeping Princess." She and Gordon Hamilton have lately been dancing the Fonteyn-Helpmann pas-de-deux in "Les Patineurs." Gordon Hamilton joined the company this summer. He is one of the four princes in "The Sleeping Princess"

Photographs
by Anthony



Margaret Dale and
Gordon Hamilton in
"Les Patineurs"



Angus McBean

Mrs. Hugh C. Hobhouse and Mark
The wife of Lieutenant Hugh Cam Hobhouse, North Somerset Yeomanry, was, before her marriage in 1939, Miss Diana George. She was photographed with her son Mark, on his first birthday. Lieut. Hobhouse is the youngest son of Sir Reginald Hobhouse, Bart., and Lady Hobhouse, of Oakhill, Somerset, and is a descendant of John Cam Hobhouse, a great friend of Byron's



Bassano

Mrs. P. R. Reilly and Victoria
Mrs. Paul Reilly, wife of Sub-Lieutenant Paul Reilly, R.N.V.R., is well known as the ballet dancer, Pamela Foster. She is the third daughter of the late Major E. B. G. Foster, of Warmwell House, Dorchester, and Clewer Manor, Berks., and of Mrs. Rushbrooke. Her baby daughter, Victoria, was born this year



Bassano

Mrs. John French and Hamish
Mrs. John French is the wife of Flying Officer John French, R.A.F.V.R., and her small son is called Hamish. Mrs. French is a daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel G. F. R. Wingate, and of Mrs. Wingate, of Bury Cottage, Chesham, Bucks., and a granddaughter of the late Sir Henry F. Donaldson. Her sister Pamela was married recently to Capt. Samuel Jarvis Wills (Tatler, October 8th)

Mothers and Children



Bassano

Mrs. Charles Vaughan-Lee and Celia Mary



Tunbridge-Edgerly

The Hon. Mrs. Fionn O'Brien and Fiona Jane
Flying-Officer the Hon. Fionn Myles Maryons O'Brien, R.A.F.V.R., brother of Lord Inchiquin, married in 1939 the daughter of Mr. J. E. Bembaron, of the Old House, Wescott, Surrey. Their daughter, Fiona Jane, was born this year. Before her marriage Mrs. O'Brien worked as a V.A.D. at the R.M.C. hospital

Left: Mrs. Charles Vaughan-Lee was formerly Miss Agnes Celestria King, only child of Capt. Charles and Lady Clare King, and is a cousin of the Earl of Gainsborough. She married Capt. Charles Vaughan-Lee, only son of the late Admiral Sir Charles Vaughan-Lee, in 1940, and they have a daughter, Celia Mary

Mrs. David Rendel, photographed with her son, Simon, was before her marriage Miss Eve Spicer, only child of Dr. A. H. Spicer, M.C., and Mrs. Spicer, of 29, Campden Grove, W., and Grafton, Petworth, Sussex. Her husband, Mr. David George Aidan Rendel, is the elder son of Mr. G. W. Rendel, Minister to the Yugoslav Government in London, and Mrs. Rendel

Mrs. Gordon H. Dixon is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Hollingsworth, of Gorsewood, Hook Heath, Woking. Her daughter, Judy Frances, was born last April. Mr. Gordon H. Dixon is in the Grenadier Guards, and was one of the survivors of Dunkirk

Mrs. John H. Gilbey is the wife of the Hon. John H. Gilbey, son of Mr. William Gordon Gilbey and Baroness Vaux of Harrowden, whom she married in 1939. She was Miss Maureen Gilbey, daughter of Mr. H. Gilbey, of 70, Drayton Gardens, S.W. Her son was born in 1940

Mrs. James Maxwell, elder daughter of Colonel and Mrs. T. E. Davich, married in 1939 the only son of Colonel and Mrs. D. L. Maxwell, of Conderton Manor, Tewkesbury, and Dargavel, Natal. Her husband, Captain James Maxwell, is in the 17/21st Lancers, and their daughter, Sarah Ann, was born in October 1940



Mrs. David Rendel and Simon
Bassano



Mrs. Gordon H. Dixon
and Judy Frances



Mrs. John H. Gilbey and Her Son
Lenarc



Mrs. James Maxwell and Sarah Ann



Ramsey & Muspratt

Marcus Adams

The Countess of Birkenhead and Frederick William Robin

The Hon. Sheila Berry married the Earl of Birkenhead in 1935, and their son, Viscount Furneaux, was born in 1936. They also have a daughter born last September. Lady Birkenhead is the daughter of Lord and Lady Camrose. Her brother, Captain the Hon. Michael Berry, married Lord Birkenhead's younger sister, Lady Pamela Smith, in 1936

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Mock Biography

MR. C. E. VULLIAMY has had the excellent idea of writing, with the apparent seriousness of a biographer, the history of an imaginary family. His *Short History of the Montagu-Puffins* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.) is a satirical entertainment of the most engaging kind. Not only does it parody the biographer's manner, but it shows up, with a crispness verging upon brutality, a good deal of the pretension—or call it mythology—in which successful English families, after some generations, are over-anxious to envelop themselves. Pretentiousness, of one kind or another, is rampant in every country in which success counts—which is to say, in every country there is—but Mr. Vulliamy has an eye for pretentiousness of the peculiar and subtle English brand. With the Montagu-Puffins, we see this enlarged into a dominating family characteristic. Let us say, at the start, that this is an unkind book—but it is also a wise and a witty one. To read it is a little unnerving: one asks oneself how much of one's own family legend, that one has always accepted, has been bunk inspired by family vanity.

Mr. Vulliamy, in fact, has done for the Montagu-Puffins what John Galsworthy did for the Forsytes—he has shown the at times apparently unexpected, but in the long run inevitable, workings-out of heredity. The irony, with the Montagu-Puffins, is that, as the plain Puffins, hatters, they were decent, vigorous, simple folk at the start. Success, vanity and brains insufficient to

control their acquired wealth set up the self-delusions that made them a dreary lot. The Puffin history is really more than ironical: if the author's inexorable, steely feeling for satire permitted, one might see these deluded creatures as rather sad. As it is, one enjoys the laugh, the astringent wit, and admires the solid historical background and the author's flair for period style. The fake documentation—letters (some purporting to be from famous people who really lived), extracts from diaries, newspapers, etc.—is brilliantly done, and builds up an effect of reality.

On From Obscurity

THE Puffins descended from one Peggy Waters, a lady of the very oldest profession. Elijah, born 1754, did not know his father's name, and doubted that anyone else did: he was handed the surname of Puffin by the good-natured burgess who took him up, and who later on apprenticed him to a hatter. (The ambiguity of Elijah's birth was to give rise, among his more ambitious descendants, to the theory that Puffins had royal blood.) Samuel Puffin, Elijah's firstborn, saw the family business into its best days, and Puffin hats were put right on the social map by lovely, clear-headed Augusta's affair with the Prince Regent. All Puffins inherited, from Peggy Waters, imposing looks and considerable physical charm—but unhappily her acumen soon gave out. Samuel, having quadrupled the family fortunes by his early investment in railways, decided that his



W. Dennis Moss

A September Christening

Barbara Aubrey, the baby daughter of Major R. and Mrs. Graham Miller, was christened last month at Selsley Church, Stroud. Major and Mrs. Graham Miller live at Stanley Hall, Selsley, Gloucestershire

handsome son, George Augustus (who came to be known as the Great Puffin), was to be a gentleman. George Augustus—the first Montagu-Puffin—became landowner, benefactor and parliamentarian: it takes Mr. Vulliamy's sly pen to show us how subtly this great Victorian never quite made the grade. The naïve awfulness of his many descendants is chronicled by Mr. Vulliamy with a relish we have to share.

William Augustus, who owing to too good living exploded when he fell from his horse; the clergyman, Benjamin, with his idealistic penchant for little girls; Clovis, that thoroughly nasty piece of work; and the æsthetic Arabella, that "jolly old schizophrenic," were among the brood of the squire of Hawthorne Hall. Last male of the next generation was Silly Dick (Richard Arthur) who played an ambiguous part in the Boer War, married Blanche Tuffier-Dawkins, shared her exclusive interest in sport, and died, much lamented, in 1929, first and last of the squires of Addlecombe. Montagu-Puffin respectability is constantly menaced by Mrs. Dimble, the late William Augustus's too-good friend.

Truth

IN fact, you can see what a gallery we have here. But the book is saved from being "unpleasant" by the validity of its few good characters. Nearly all generations put out at least one good Puffin—and these people's integrity stands out. Gently, but with a ruthless persistence, the few good Puffins serve to debunk the bad. The upright major, the ironical, charming spinster, the hard-working doctor stay in one's memory—and more, they do really impress one with the vital importance of honesty. This *Short History of the Montagu-Puffins* is a book with a moral, as well as a sting in its tail. It is such good reading that it becomes a menace—one is constantly tempted to read one's favourite pages aloud.

Colour-Effects

MISS MARGUERITE STEEN'S *The Sun is My Undoing* (Collins; 10s. 6d.) should be a tonic for those of us who are missing

(Concluded on page 94)



A Visit from Lady Falmouth

This photograph was taken at Appleby Castle, Lord and Lady Hothfield's place in Westmorland, when Lady Falmouth, the Chairman of the Central Hospital Supply Service, visited the Appleby and District depot recently. In front, with some of the nurses, are Lady Falmouth, Lady Hothfield, Mayoress of Appleby; Mrs. J. T. Renshaw, Officer in Charge of the Depot; Mrs. Dent, O.B.E., President of the Westmorland Red Cross; Alderman Miss Kingsmill Jones, O.B.E., Regional Officer



Mr. J. L. Garvin, Editor of the "Observer" for thirty-three years, still, at seventy-three, works as hard and as long as ever. Country walks with his dog Rover keep him fit

Leaders of Opinion

No. 5. The Editor of "The Observer"

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

"Out of the boy who reads comes the man who writes." James Louis Garvin was a devouring reader from childhood. He was educated in history, literature and modern languages. When he was sixteen, his first political articles were published through the encouragement of J. A. Spender, then in his early twenties. Aged twenty-three, he became leader-writer and reviewer on the *Newcastle Chronicle*, combining his work with articles on foreign affairs for the *Fortnightly Review*, where his pseudonym "Calchas" soon became well known, and later for the *National Review* and the *Quarterly* as well. In 1899 he migrated, late but inevitably, to London, to join the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* as writer of leaders and special articles. A visit to India was a turning-point in his career. After his return began his association with Joseph Chamberlain and the movement for closer Imperial unity, both political and economic which, says Mr. Garvin, "very inadequately was called 'tariff reform.'" One result of this association has been an exhaustive life of Joseph Chamberlain, of which the fourth and last volume is still in hand. Another was a growing reputation as politician as well as political journalist. In 1905 began Mr. Garvin's life as an editor, first of the *Outlook*, a leading sixpenny weekly of the period, and then, from 1908, of the *Observer*. Nineteen thousand copies of this paper were then sold every Sunday, but soon, impelled by the great talent and immense energy of its new editor and general manager, the *Observer* began the steady ascent that has now led it to a circulation of nearly a quarter of a million. A huge extra-journalistic work undertaken in the twenties was Mr. Garvin's editorship-in-chief of the fourteenth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In January this year he was made a Companion of Honour, and he is an Hon. LL.D., Edinburgh, and an Hon. Litt.D., Durham. Since the outbreak of war he has, in his own words, "lived wholly for total victory and for a peace great enough to redeem the failure of the last"

Mr. Garvin talks to his assistant editor, Mr. Ronald F. Harmer, and the manager of the advertisement and commercial departments, Mr. John E. Berridge. Mr. Harmer was chief sub-editor on the "Morning Post" before he took his present post in 1934.—Mr. Berridge has been with the "Observer" since 1911. Both saw service with the Army in the last war



With Silent Friends

(Continued)

the southern sun. Hot, even torrid rays, blister one throughout this novel, which is 884 pages long—in length, say its publishers, it slightly exceeds *Gone With the Wind*. It is true that the story opens in the temperate climate of Bristol in the great slave-trading days, but it shifts to the Gold Coast, then to Cuba, and after some time in Cuba, one is so well browned that one does not mind the return to Bristol again. In all locations, feeling runs very high. Black-souled Matthew Flood of Bristol, slave-trader, mates on the Gold Coast with the captive Sheba, who is totally black. In Cuba, Maria Cayetuna, the child of their soulless passion, is unhappy, in spite of her beauty, being stigmatised as a mulatress at an aristocratic convent school. She elopes with a schoolmate's brother, young Santiago de Lorch, with whom her first encounter has been dynamic—

Rising in his stirrups, Santiago gazed, as though he could not credit his senses, at the girl smiling down on him. He knew it for the window of his sister's chamber, but he could not for his life think who was the owner of this lovely, subtle little face, gilded with the dawn, dewy of eye and lip, radiant with a smile that had something of heartbreak about it.

Wheeling the stallion, he swept round in a circle that took him to the other side of the street, whence he could see better, and while the spirited creature backed and tossed its head, remained gazing upwards, unable to take his eyes from this incredible vision.

And she? What was a girl of thirteen to do, when first she met the dark, refulgent eye, the short, classic nose with its flaring nostrils, the full, sensual lips that had ensnared Asunción Gamborena, La Mariposa, Escarlata Inclán? She was wild for escape, she had never seen a man who so completely realised her romantic ideal, and she was ready to leap out of the window—sixty feet—to get at him. Fortunately there were the *rejas* to prevent her.

Maria Cayetuna's daughter, Maria Pia de Lorch, is also a creature of temperament, made restless and anti-social by coloured blood. Her descent on Bristol is fateful: arriving under the protection of Beaufort Sax, the young diplomat she has met in Madrid, she is fallen in love with by his elder brother, the artist Lionel, heir to the Mildenhall title. All this is made more difficult, or more interesting, by the fact that the two young men are the nephews of Pallas Burmester, that idealistic Bristol beauty who had been Matthew Flood's first love. The possibilities of the situation, with its race-contrasts and complex social pattern, are very ably developed by Miss Steen.

Tension

IN fact, high tension is sustained from the first to the last. This might be a little wearing if it were not for the cinema-like and always brilliant changes of scene. Colour predominates, detail of every kind is abundant, and the whole story is charged with atmosphere. *The Sun is My Undoing* could hardly be more dramatic. Monumental in size, it is really a monument of the story-teller's art: one must salute the energy and the fullness of Miss Steen's imagination. Also, her knowledge of her subject—slave-trading in the eighteenth century—is impressive. She has a great eye for different kinds of society—the prosperous upper bourgeoisie of Bristol; the drink-sodden, hectic life of the Gold Coast; the slightly rotten, ruthless brilliance of Cuba. . . . This is a book for many

long winter evenings; it should thoroughly take the reader out of himself and be a counteractive to black-out gloom.

Someone to Quarrel With

MRS. BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR'S *Happy Ever After* (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.) is pitched in a lower key. The title is ironic, for by the end of the book the only prospect left to most of the characters seems to be resignation. The heroine, Brenda Stretford, behaves as incalculably as only a good woman, who is at the same time a truly womanly woman, can. I must say that I found her infuriating—she makes a god of her own unselfishness—but there is a certain pleasure in being infuriated, and this pleasure other readers may share. Mrs. Kean Seymour's own view of her heroine remains a mystery—does she like her or not? Brenda, though beautiful and full (apparently) of elemental attractiveness, is distinctly a wet blanket and a prig; she seldom seems to enjoy herself, and if her husband goes to the bad, I suspect that it was because she got him down. Few men could have lived with Brenda and not developed an inferiority complex. Luke Stretford was, it is true, an unpromising husband—unstable, a gambler, and a spoiled son. Luke and Brenda's young marriage could not have been more romantic; they meet in the Lake District, which is Brenda's own country—she is the child of old Cumberland yeoman stock. Luke's mother, worldly, dominating and subtle, is the first warning of trouble to come: determined to

keep her power over her only son, she plots against the young couple's happiness from the start: poor Brenda is placed in a series of situations for which her temperament does not fit her at all.

Slowly but fatally disillusioned, Brenda does her best and sticks to her moral guns. Her one surviving child, a girl, is a little horror, and the short-sighted sacrifices Brenda makes to her ruin far better people's happiness. The scene shifts to Devonshire, where Brenda, a soi-disant widow of forty, is, for the first time in her career among crooks, offered an honest and a good man's love. Mark Alvington, the country doctor, attempts to take a high hand with her, in her own interests—and there follows one extremely dramatic crisis. The plot, with its ironies and unexpected twists, is worked out with Mrs. Kean Seymour's usual skill.

Pen-Picture

READING being, these days, the one kind of travel left to us, no one should miss Lady Tweedsmuir's *Canada* (in the British Commonwealth in Pictures series, Penn in the Rocks Press; published by Collins; 3s. 6d.). In a very short space, Lady Tweedsmuir gives a vivid idea of a country—its history, its varying landscapes, its life. Information, imagination and sympathy join to make this a very valuable book, and the effect of the writing is added to by illustrations of memorable beauty. Like the rest of this series, *Canada* is beautifully produced, and, at its remarkably low price, is a possession one need not deny oneself.

Caravan Causerie

By Richard King

JOCK is a very human being, dross and gold so intermingled that you never from day to day know which will be uppermost. So you have to love him "for" and "in spite of"; which is a very human characteristic. One gets quite used to this as one grows older; though Youth only knows "for" or "against," suffering accordingly. Growing older, too, one realises that we have as much to forgive as to be forgiven. It should make us humble, but it rarely does. We like to climb on to pedestals, even though the only admiration we receive is reflected in a looking-glass. Still, that seems to satisfy a lot of people quite a lot.

Jock, although only twenty-three, has character, and I would sooner be intimate with character than cleverness. Certainly he is not mass-produced. To love him you have to understand him. He has nothing to give those who fail to recognise any nuance in vice and virtue beyond the primary colours of good and bad. He is not pliable. He is not to be moulded except by his own decisions, right or wrong, and by the decisions of those whom, subconsciously, he knows have his welfare nearest their hearts. When requests are indistinguishable from commands, he simply ignores them. In the Brave New World, which we are promised after one World War or the other, I fear those who prefer to walk alone will have a harder road in front of them than already they have trodden and still tread. And yet, unless we do walk alone, we cannot see beyond the crowd or hear anything above its roar. Jock, by nature, ought to be conquering some small new worlds, hacking away at some obstacle which provides physical difficulties. For such as he is, to be blinded at twenty-three is infinitely more tragic than if he had been by temperament a student or a clerk. He will have, alas! to hack away at mental and spiritual difficulties. And though I believe he will win through,

it will never be a win-through to that kind of inner resignation which is like happiness and water, and only a philosopher can tend in glory. But very few of us are philosophers; most seldom attain heights beyond those ultimately reached by a mildewed adolescent. We flow like liquid jelly until we solidify in some "shape" provided by other people. Therein contentedly we "set."

But what of the man who by nature walks alone, who yet, before he has faced the dire realism of life, has had the foundation of his expectations and his dreams shattered in one fateful moment? Mealy-mouthed consolation, so applicable, as a rule, to other people's troubles and only really efficacious when they are not very real or very lasting, can never apply to him. When I hear them I always feel a little sick myself. In the face of real tragedy there is only one thing to do, and that is frantically to rebuild. Never the same edifice, of course; that would be impossible. But, metaphorically speaking, smaller ones; yet large enough to hide from prying eyes, even, at moments, those of our own inner consciousness, the devastation which they may encircle.

So, from the day when Jock landed from France, a limp figure, almost his entire head swathed in bandages, I have tried to help him in this reconstruction. Sometimes I think I am succeeding; at others I am convinced that I am failing him all along the line. But a man who can smile against odds, who can even laugh heartily, will always get somewhere nice for himself and for other people. And I think I was the first person to effect this pleasure. I uttered no patriotic rhapsodies; I offered up no prayer. I simply bent over him, pronouncing the one word: "WHISKY"! And he grinned all over his face!



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Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A "Head" Line from Burma

MY old friend "M.B.R.A.", who, like most Mountain Gunners, has seen service in so many wild and out-of-the-way spots, sends me the following letter, which is of more than usual interest in view of all the jabber about Japanese intentions to attack India *via* Thailand and Burma and the bloodthirsty Colonel Mabuchi's threat. The letter also contains a true story about the uncomfortable ways of the Kachin levies, which have been recruited and more or less (rather less) disciplined and trained. The Kachins and the Karens, who are also referred to, are highlanders and a bit rugged in their methods, as you will realise when you read "M.B.R.A.'s" letter:

Burma is getting unpleasantly into the lime-light now. I don't think there is much fear of a land invasion from Thailand, alias Siam. The rivers and valleys all run north and south and the country is heavily wooded and impracticable. The only railway from Mandalay to Maymyo and on to the border is a single-line track, or was, and not fit for real heavy traffic,

unless it has been much improved. I don't know enough about the air to say what chances there are of trouble that way, but possible landing grounds are, I should say, few once you leave the main plain of the Irrawaddy. I don't know if they have succeeded in raising many troops locally in Burma. The Burman proper is brave enough in his way, but does not take kindly to discipline. The Kachins make good soldiers and I believe the Karens also, but are a bit wild.

Lucky Thirteen

THEN follows this lurid little story: I remember a fellow telling me how another bloke he knew was out with a Kachin battalion in the Moplah show, and taking a short stroll out of camp one evening along about the only path there, was somewhat surprised on turning a corner to be met by a forlorn Moplah carrying twelve newly-severed heads on a bamboo pole balanced on his shoulder. He felt somewhat embarrassed when the said individual at once dropped the pole and the heads, and rushed forward to clasp his knees and beg for mercy. He was still more embarrassed when a party of some score of Kachins complete with dabs



Pooler, Dublin

At Naas Races

Lord Fingall, who was on a few days' leave, went with Lady Fingall to Naas Races in Co. Kildare. A successful breeder of blood-stock and a member of the Irish Turf Club, Lord Fingall was before the war a well-known follower of the Meath, as was also Lady Fingall

(formidable knives) also turned up and indignantly demanded that the "head-man" should be handed over to them at once and no nonsense about it. Luckily the officer had been in Burma, and, still more luckily, spoke Kachin, and was able to make out what it was all about. Apparently the Kachins had made a little raid on their own, resulting in the death or capture of a dozen or so Moplahs, including him with the bamboo. The others had promptly been decapitated and he himself had been impressed temporarily as a beast of burden, with the idea of adding his head to the collection when his services ceased to be required as a carrier. There was quite a deal of soreness when the officer objected, and indeed the matter was not finally settled till some of their own officers could be hastily brought up to deal with the situation. Even then I understand the Kachins thought they had been hardly dealt with and generally done down. Personally, I think No. 13 was a lucky man, don't you?

The Long Dart

AS this leaves me at present," Germanicus (8 st. 12 lb.) and Longriggan (9 st. 2 lb.) are level favourites for the Cesarewitch, and as both have been backed, it is fair to presume that they will run. Winterhalter (9 st. 7 lb.) was given a "halter," and apparently it was decided that, even over a course which is 416 yards short of the real distance, it was asking too much of him. The longer the distance, the heavier does any weight become. A 7-lb. rucksack will weigh 10 lb. after four miles, probably 20 lb. after sixteen miles. The younger the back, the more does the weight tell.

Anyone who may be interested has only to go to the South Kensington Museum and compare the skeletons of Eclipse and any horse that was raced from two years onwards. Eclipse was not broken until he was five. His vertebrae are perfectly regular and straight, but not so the ones of horses asked to carry weights as two-year-olds; the flanges almost interlock.

Winterhalter is only a four-year-old, and I do not suggest he is wrongly handicapped on his record, but 9 st. 7 lb. is a big weight. This is merely by the way, and to point the effect of a heavy weight over a distance of ground. Many things can happen between the time this is written and October 22nd, when the Cesarewitch is run, and the two favourites may have been deposed by then.

In the Newbury Autumn Cup (2m. 1f.), run on September 20th, Germanicus



An R.E. Officers' Mess: by "Mel"



Poole, Dublin

Another Racegoer

Miss Bunny Nolan was also at Naas Races. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andy Nolan, and her grandfather was the late Mr. Joseph Widger, who won the National on The Wild Man From Borneo many years ago. The Nolans hunt with the Kildare Hounds

(8 st. 5 lb.) beat Longriggan (8 st. 13 lb.) by a comfortable margin of two lengths (6 lb.). The runner-up was giving 8 lb. In the Cesarewitch, over a 196 yards shorter course, Longriggan has only to give his conqueror 4 lb. What should A do next, where these two are concerned? I think back Germanicus, because his Newbury form is quite well-documented, and I am thinking more particularly of his win in the Nottinghamshire Handicap (1m. 6f.) on August 16th, when he won quite comfortably by two lengths (6 lb.) from Bellman (9 st. 11 lb.), a good and honest horse; and I am also thinking of an earlier race, the Wisbech Handicap (1m. 6f. 150 yards) at Newmarket: result—Roanoke (7 st. 7 lb.), Eran Bird (8 st. 4 lb.), Germanicus (7 st. 10 lb.)—head; half a length. In the Newbury Autumn Cup (see ante), Roanoke (8 st. 6 lb.) was four lengths (12 lb.) behind Germanicus (8 st. 5 lb.) as they passed the post. However, the winner of the "Long Dart" may be neither this horse nor Longriggan. Some three-year-old with a 20-to-1 chance might pop up and win. There are two like this—Mazarin the plodder, and Dancing Time, who ran third in the Leger.

Jack Hewett

THE deepest note of regret at the death of Sir John Hewett will be a personal one. It is not too much to say that he was beloved by everyone who knew him in either his private or official entity, and this is to say by a very large number of people. Of Jack Hewett's brilliant talents as an administrator, others have spoken at appropriate length. He was the best example of those who bear the white man's burden and carry that heavy and responsible load throughout their service to the State.

Many of us thought that in him India missed a great Viceroy, but the tradition of the Pro-Consuls has been that someone other than a great Indian Civil Servant with deep knowledge of the country should hold sway. This has seemed an anomaly to a great many people, but so it has been.

So far as Jack Hewett's connection with so many departments of sport is concerned, the general knowledge may not be so great. He was a very good cricketer, in the XI. at Winchester, and later a member of the M.C.C.; he was a first-class big-game shot; for many years a Steward of the Royal



H.R.H. the Princess Royal and the Officers of an Armoured Divisional Signals

Front row: Captain J. M. Jones, Major A. E. Tyler, a Colonel, Major R. C. Conway-Gordon, H.R.H. the Princess Royal (Colonel-in-Chief), Major F. R. Booth, Miss Kenyon-Slaney, a Brigadier, Major A. H. Campbell. Middle row: Lieut. F. R. White, Major J. M. S. Tulloch, Sec.-Lieuts. J. F. Shearer, J. C. Gladman, Captains B. G. Akroyd, W. A. Tunnicliffe, T. Gibson, J. B. Cuthbertson, Lieut. V. R. Little. Back row: Sec.-Lieuts. E. C. Fisher, E. P. Wühers-Green, E. G. Norris, D. R. B. Helling, J. T. H. Higgins

Calcutta Turf Club, India's Jockey Club; he was chairman of the Meerut Tent Club, under whose ægis that great event, the Kadir Cup, India's pig-sticking Blue Ribbon, is run; and during his time in India he rarely missed a meeting, not as a competitor, for, so far as I know, he never rode in it, even in his younger days; and he was keenly interested in polo.

Jack Hewett was a member of that world-famous fraternity, the Knights of the Black Heart, who wore as their guerdon little ruby hearts on a black ribbon in the place people wear orders. They were a most hospitable and distinguished brotherhood, composed of some of the choicest gems in the Imperial diadem, and I have no doubt that this is still the case. They were founded in Simla at that period, usually referred to as "time out of mind."

One of his sons-in-law, Brigadier-General

"Giles" Courage, was in that famous 15th Hussar team of which "Rattle" Barrett was the skipper and mainspring, and poor Jack Atkinson, who married Sir John and Lady Hewett's younger daughter, Lorna, was pretty close up to International class. He was killed, as were so many more fine polo players, in the First German War. "Giles" Courage, incidentally, was later on Joint-Master of the Bicester, and is one of the few people who have broken their necks and survived to tell the tale. This happened during his Bicester mastership. Lieut.-Col. "Bunt" Hewett, the only son, was in the Royals, and later, when he started a business career in Calcutta, commanded that fine Indian Yeomanry Cavalry unit, the Calcutta Light Horse.

To all the members of the family the deepest sympathy of a friend of many years standing.



Prisoners of War at Oflag VIIC

This group of officers who are prisoners in Germany includes some well-known members of Scottish families. Front row: Captain Ian Campbell, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; Major W. Murray, Cameron Highlanders; Captain Koch-de-Gooryend, Rifle Brigade. Back row: Captain J. Bingham, Black Watch; Captain the Hon. J. Elphinstone, Captain Macpherson, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders; Captain V. Campbell, Cameron Highlanders; Captain H. Gascoigne, Seaforth Highlanders; Captain Patrick Munro of Foulis, Seaforth Highlanders. Captain Elphinstone is a nephew of the Queen, and Captain Ian Campbell is the heir to the Duke of Argyll

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Taylor Made

THAT excellent little 40-page pamphlet by Leonard Taylor called *Ground Gen for Airmen* has reminded me of one of my favourite grouses. It concerns the naming of the ranks of the Royal Air Force. Those rank names rankle. They seem to have been created in the same haphazard, irrational, thoughtless manner as the uniform.

Partly they imitate the senior services, partly they try to strike out on their own. They are a mixture of pomposity and muddled thinking; a hash of uncontrolled howlers.

In them the word "pilot" is degraded and the word "captain" exalted. They have not the smallest reference to the activities of the officers and men. An Aircraftman never handles an aircraft, a Pilot Officer has not yet learnt to be a pilot, a Flying Officer is a pilot, a Squadron Leader does not lead a squadron; that is done by a Wing Commander or, in the case of some bomber squadrons, a Group Captain, while a group is not commanded by a Group Captain but by an Air Commodore.

"Airman"

THE term "airman" covers the non-commissioned ranks and is therefore applicable to far the greatest extent to those whose duties do not take them into the air. The abuse of the word "Marshal" in the Royal Air Force rank titles has been argued by more competent people.

It seems to be essentially a word meaning one who tends horses, though its subsequent associations free it for wider duties. But what an unfortunate choice for the service which is the most highly mechanised of them all!

I suppose the answer to all this is that the R.A.F. is so brilliant in the air that it does not matter what titles it uses. But the mess that has been made of the rank titles and the way a great opportunity has been thrown away do rankle. The whole thing rather supports the view held by many people who have been in

the service that the section that deals with the actual operation and maintenance of aircraft is incomparably more efficient and more live than the section that deals with central administration. Our pilots and air crews do not get the administrators they deserve.

Mechanical Fire-Watcher

IF the blitz begins again—as seems probable—the answer to the fire-guard's prayer is surely supplied by the Soviet inventor who has devised a mechanical fire-watcher.

The instrument, according to the despatch from Moscow concerning it, resembles an electric reading-lamp. It detects and gives warning of the smallest spark or flame. Unlike other fire-watchers, it cannot go to sleep, fall sick or suffer from its feet. For all I know, it is just as cheerful the next morning after a night on duty.

In this matter, as in so many others, Moscow seems to be one up on Morrison. In every field it is better if possible to make a machine do the work for which men have had to be used in the past. But the Minister of Home Security seems to concern himself only with assembling men for these tasks. I commend the mechanical fire-watcher to his notice.

Air Infantry

THE use in the Third Army manœuvres at El Paso of fourteen light aeroplanes, and their successful showing in the Second Army manœuvres in Tennessee, start a train of thought about the use of air in war.

So far the tendency has been towards ever greater power, ever greater complication, ever larger crews. But it is always as well to look to the other end of the scale. The aircraft used in the American experiments were Aeroncas, Piper Cubs and Taylorcrafts. They were two-seaters, the seats being in tandem, and they all carried two-way radio.

It seems to me that if small aircraft could be produced cheaply enough there might be scope in war for a sort of *air infantry*. The



D. R. Stuart

On Sunday Leave

A recent meeting at a London Club brought together several sportsmen now in the R.A.F. In front are Pilot-Officer George Godsell, tennis international and Hollywood film-actor, Mrs. Olliff, who is Swedish, and her husband, Flight-Lieutenant John S. Olliff, champion tennis doubles player and a cricketer as well. Behind Mrs. Olliff is Pilot-Officer Philip Ashby, recently reported killed in action, who was a well-known tennis player. In the background is Sir Francis Gordon Lowe, who still manages to get a Sunday game of tennis

pilots would be trained to work in much larger formations than anything we have tried yet and the generalised aim would be to obtain fire-power, as the infantry obtain it, by concentrating large numbers of men rather than by packing weighty armament in individual machines.

The small machines would also enjoy the special feature of infantry, which is slow rate of movement. It is true that the thrusts of modern war are made at immense speed; but there must always be the holding and consolidating operations, and these are done by units which move extremely slowly.

There has never been any sign that the infantry will be superseded, although they move so much more slowly than the mechanised units. We should beware how we assume that the small slow aeroplane (aerial equivalent, surely, of the infantryman) should be superseded.

This is a line of thought worth following up, especially by those who are serving in the Army Co-operation Command of the R.A.F. In the past we have given too little thought to close support and this failure was one of the causes of the defeat in the Battle of France.

Air Weakness

ONE of the most important statements made by the Prime Minister was that during the first week of October, when he revealed that the greatest German weakness lay in the air.

This was in some sense a confirmation of the Soviet figures for the enemy's air losses. Those losses have been very high. In fact, the Soviet Air Force has been inflicting on the Germans losses at a rate equal to and sometimes slightly greater than the rate achieved by the Royal Air Force during the intenser periods of the air battle over Britain a year ago.

There can be no doubt Germany has been losing aircraft at a greater rate than she is producing them. The point is, will she be able to restock her reserves during the winter, and will the winter weather enforce a sufficient lull to let her do so without losing ground in the aerial fighting on all fronts? The air position seems now to offer some promise of improvement.



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a Balloon Squadron Somewhere in England

Front row: F.-O. H. M. A. Cocks, F.-O. C. Norton. Middle row: F.-Lt. M. E. Wilsher, F.-Lt. J. Elliott, Sq.-Ldr. V. E. Vincent, F.-Lt. E. W. Collins, F.-Lt. G. H. Dewick. Back row: P.-O. A. Woollacott, P.-O. H. Morton, F.-Lt. R. R. Galloway, P.-O. F. C. Edmonds, F.-O. G. E. Horrocks, P.-O. A. A. Dibben, P.-O. G. H. Eldridge

The King's Body Guard of the Yeomen of the Guard



In the line of True Tradition
HUNTLEY & PALMERS
BISCUITS
WILL ALWAYS STAND SUPREME

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Van den Bergh—Grove

Tony Van den Bergh, younger son of Major and Mrs. H. E. Van den Bergh, of Beacon View, Penn, Bucks., and Ursula Mary Grove, elder daughter of the late Captain G. E. Grove, and Mrs. Grove, of Stonehouse, Penn, Bucks., were married quietly in London



Wilson—Morse

Edward Brian Wilson and Joy Juliet Morse were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the second son of Major and Mrs. W. G. Wilson, of Lower Chilland House, Winchester. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Esmond Morse, of Claughton Hall, Hornby, Lancaster



Bertram Park

Sir Anthony Meyer and Miss Knight

Sir Anthony Meyer, Bt., Scots Guards, of Ayot House, Ayot St. Lawrence, Herts., and Barbadee Knight, only child of Mr. and Mrs. A. Charles Knight, of Lincoln's Inn, and Datchet, Bucks., who announced their engagement last November, will be married at Eton College Chapel on Oct. 30th. He succeeded his father as third baronet in 1935



Johnstone—Charlton

Pilot-Officer Ian A. B. Johnstone, R.A.F.V.R., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Johnstone, of Forest Lodge, King's Gate, Aberdeen, was married at St. Hubert's Chapel, Hayrowden Hall, to Joan Mary Winifrede Charlton, third daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Charlton, of Woodford Lodge, Thrapston, Northants., and niece of Baroness Vaux of Harrowden



Kemp—Phillips

Captain Peter Mant MacIntyre Kemp, Intelligence Corps, younger son of the late Sir Norman Kemp, and Lady Kemp, of Wrestwood Close, Bexhill, Sussex, and Hilda Elizabeth Phillips, elder daughter of the late Captain Harold Phillips, and Mrs. J. D. Lammie, of 41, Egerton Terrace, S.W.3, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Seymour—Luxmoore-Ball

Lieut.-Com. John Richard Arthur Seymour, R.N., eldest son of the Rev. Richard Seymour, of Chillingham Vicarage, Devon, and the late Mrs. Seymour, and Helen Luxmoore-Ball, Red Cross Sub-Section Leader, only child of the late Lieut.-Colonel R. E. C. Luxmoore-Ball, Welsh Guards, and Mrs. Luxmoore-Ball, of 75, Fellows Road, N.W.3, were married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

(Concluded on page 108)

Furs . . .

FOR WINTER HATS

We are happy to make up your own furs, and have an attractive collection of models which can be copied or adapted to order.



MINK . . .
A charming cap, with veiling.
Equally attractive in Persian
lamb.

Debenham and Freebody
(Langham 4444)

The Russian Influence . . .

This ocelot hat and muff are
equally smart in Persian lamb,
or other smooth furs.



**WIGMORE STREET,
LONDON, W.1. (Debenhams
Limited)**

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE

Among the accessories to be studied at Simpsons are the suede jackets cut on practical lines, hence the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. The needs of women of generous proportions have been carefully studied. A feature is made of footwear. Warmly to be recommended are the well-cut regulation boots for men and women in the Services. Already practical Christmas gifts are being shown



All the world over, the name of Simpsons, Piccadilly, is associated with "Daks." They are admirably tailored, the cut being of a very high order of merit. The suit above is carried out in corduroy. Note the clever manner in which it silhouettes the figure. "Daks" look equally well in tweed with Norfolk coats. A very interesting display was recently given of "On and Off Duty" clothes. Pyjamas and dressing-gowns were well represented, as well as the "relaxation" outfits that are always appreciated by women in the Services. An illustrated brochure will be sent on application



The perfectly beautiful ocelot coat below comes from Harvey Nichols and Co., Knightsbridge, where it is companioned by others carried out in "dropped" musquash—viz., the skins are worked to look like mink; again, there are models in bronze seal, mink and Indian lamb. Reverting to the model portrayed, it is beautifully marked and the colourings are clear. Attention must be drawn to the fact that the prices of furs are rapidly ascending, therefore a visit should be paid to these salons at the earliest opportunity. Again, there are the 28-inch length wraplets: they are warm as well as decorative





Careful use of your cosmetics will do much to make up for their scarcity.

Cherish your Perfume—treasure your Powder. Make your Lipstick last longer, and then get a refill, 1/10d. in all shades.

There's a 2/6d. refill too for Yardley Talc, to refill the 1/8d. tin three times.

You know, Yardley quality is supreme, and *Quality is Economy*—these lovely things are worth waiting for, even though the shopkeeper cannot always supply you at once; and please remember, *the shortage is not his fault.*



Yardley



LONDON

it's a Pringle!



Pringle Personality Knitwear combines the most luxurious style and quality with a wonderful span of life, so necessary in these days of coupons.

They give a style-right confidence on all occasions and even the purchase tax cannot make them expensive. There is a thrill in the possession of good things, echoed on every hand and in every land.



OBTAINABLE FROM ALL HIGH-CLASS STORES



ROBERT PRINGLE & Son Ltd.
HAWICK SCOTLAND

AUTUMN CAMPAIGN

NO temporary drift in the scene of war can bring us relaxation from our exertions, nor increase in the good things we enjoyed in peacetime.

In spite of everything the war occasionally seems "a long way off." But if around you to-day there should be an appearance of peace, let the wartime scantiness of the displays on the sweetshop counters remind you that, as a nation, we are very much at war.

They are a sign that the proper name for this moment in the life of our nation is not just Autumn—but Autumn Campaign.

Mackintosh's
'Quality Street'

OFFICIAL PRICES
"Quality Street" and "Double Centre"
Assortments - - - 8d. per qtr. lb.
1 lb. Box 1s. 4d. - Handy Packet 6d.
"Rolo" & "Butt-o-Scotch" 2 1/2d. per pkt.
"MAX" Chewing Gum - 1/4d. per pkt.



Bubble and Squeak

Stories from Everywhere

THERE was a slight commotion on the bus. The woman passenger had tendered for her fare a coin which, after a scrutiny, the conductor declined, pronouncing it to be foreign.

Instead of producing another coin and permitting the man to get on with his job, the woman proceeded to rail against having been imposed upon elsewhere and, indeed, attempted to work off some of her indignation on the conductor.

"What can I do with it?" she demanded. "Well, they'll take it in Turkey," the conductor suggested.

"PETERBOROUGH" in the *Daily Telegraph*, tells the following story:

In Kent this weekend I met a lorry contractor who told me the story of one of their lorries which was damaged in a raid.

He telephoned to various Ministries, but none could help him regarding repairs. He was told that he must find his own spare parts.

Two days later, however, an official arrived and said sympathetically: "Haven't you had a lorry damaged?" Then he asked to see it.

He examined it so carefully that my informant, full of hope, asked:

"What can you do to help us?"

"Help," replied the official, "who talked of help? I only came to collect this lorry's petrol coupons."

THE venerable Scots musician put down his beloved instrument with a sigh.

"I've but one regret," he said. "I canna take my fiddle wi' me when I go."

"After all, that won't matter very much," his visitor consoled him. "You'll have a harp, you know!"

"Aye!" said the old violinist, fiercely, "and wha's gaun tae learn the hairp at my age?"

THE minister of the Old Kirk asked a fisherman if he knew the first commandment.

"Aye, but that's a teaser," said the fisherman.

"Well, do you know the second commandment?" asked the minister.

"Ye've got me again," replied the fisherman, "but can you tell me this—how many hooks are on my fishing line?"

The minister confessed that he was unable to answer.

"Well, minister," said the fisherman, "it's like this; every man tae his trade."

Moscow radio make this joke against Hitler:

After a severe R.A.F. bombardment of Hamburg, the German News Agency said no damage was done, but one cow was injured.

In Berlin they said: "What a cow Hitler must have in Hamburg! She has been burning for three days and is burning still."

A FEW (probably not authentic) schoolboy howlers:

A manor house is where they teach manners. They don't build them now.

Members of Parliament meet at Westminster to disgust the nation and its problems.

Divorce suits are special clothes worn when the wedding is all over.

A polygon with seven sides is called a hooligan.

A GROUP of men were in the club just before dinner. The talk, for no good reason, turned to married life.

"Well," said one chap, "the real comfort in life arrives when you've settled down with one woman you love. Most men like to talk wise, but they seldom do wrong things. You can argue all you want. But it's my opinion that, once they've settled down, most men remain faithful."

Most of the men present agreed with him. But an older man in the group, plainly cynical, shook his head.

"I don't agree at all," he asserted. "And if you fellows are honest, you'll know I'm right. I'll bet any man in this group a new hat that there isn't one of you who hasn't strayed from the straight and narrow since he's been married."

"I'll take that bet," cried one swiftly.

"How long have you been married?" asked the cynic.

"Since last Saturday," was the reply.

The crowd roared, of course—and one of the listeners was so amused that he could hardly wait to get home to tell his wife all about it.

At the end of the story he laughed and laughed. But his laughter died as he noticed a strange expression on his wife's face.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't you think the story's funny?"

His wife nodded slowly.

"Very funny," she replied, quietly. "But where is your new hat?"

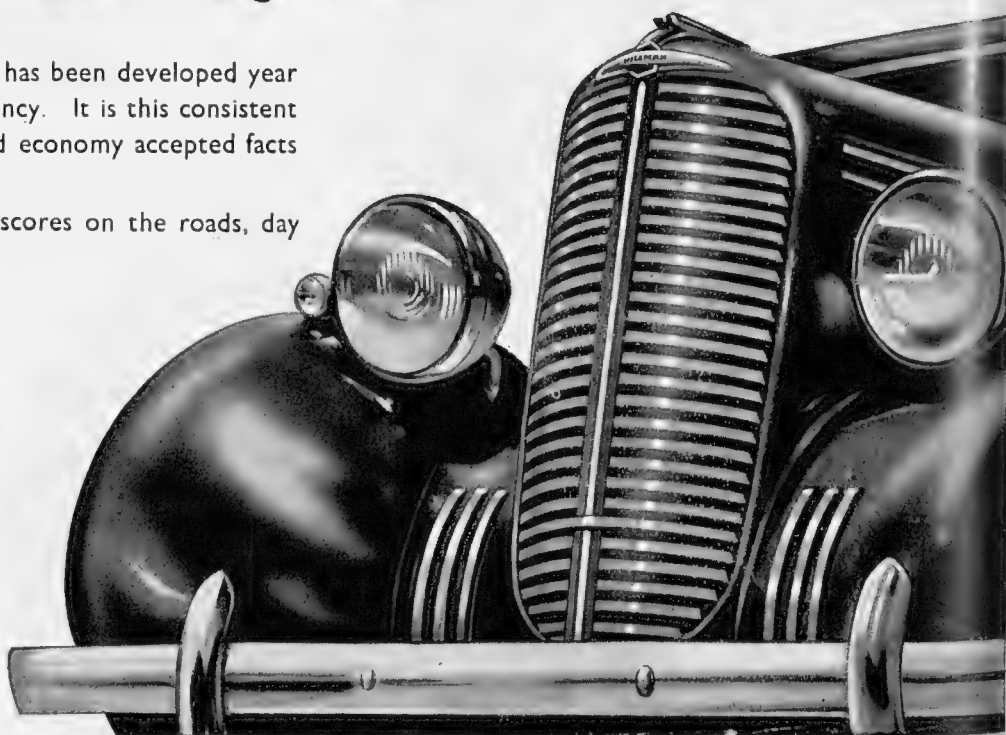
THE HILLMAN MINX

The World's most Successful Light Car

First produced in 1932, the Hillman Minx has been developed year by year, to ever higher standards of efficiency. It is this consistent progress which has made its reliability and economy accepted facts all over the world.

Even the earliest models can be seen in scores on the roads, day in, day out, still giving faithful service.

The Minx is now gaining new experience which will assist its future development.



ROOTES GROUP

THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO. LTD., COVENTRY

Too much?

AND TOO LITTLE



Even in the days of plenty we never really liked to hear of anyone smoking more than 20 Four Square cigarettes a day. They were, and are, made especially for people who smoke for pleasure rather than from habit. Now, when it's sometimes difficult to get even ten Four Square cigarettes a day, we sympathise. Because too little of a good thing is about as bad as too much of a bad one.

FOUR SQUARE

20 for 1/6

for those who really ENJOY a cigarette

WARDONIA

BLADES

FOR BETTER SHAVES

SMALL PACKET 1/-
LARGE PACKET 2/6

FIT ALL
3-PEG
RAZORS

PLUS PURCHASE TAX

ASK FOR THEM AT N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS

*You may laugh
at it to-day...*



But in 1914...

THIS magnificently ornate pendant in "rich gilt colour brass" was the last word in G.E.C. lighting fittings for the smart drawing-room of 1914. But designs change. Lighting methods improve. Science never stands still. The G.E.C., pioneers in everything electrical for the home, continued to progress during the last war. In this war, also, the G.E.C. is helping to fashion the "shape of things to come."

Remember

G.E.C.

FOR EVERYTHING ELECTRICAL

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

THE other day an anecdote was told of a distinguished Chinese diplomat playing golf, who, when asked whether he had won, replied that neither had counted the strokes, they had merely played.

That may appear, on the face of it, a state of philosophy hardly to be attained by a mere mad game-playing Anglo-Saxon. Academic interest is all very well, your typical Mrs. Battle, who thirsts for the rigour of the game, will say, but give me a dog-fight, and let the shots take care of themselves. Whilst that may be true, it is worth considering whether the sheer perfection of stroke which all of us, however puny in the main, may achieve now and again, is not half the attraction of the royal and ancient game.

It may, for example, be significant that a small boy or girl generally plays at golf for quite a long time without the slightest wish to play an opponent; there is enough object in trying to hit the ball at all, then to get it into the air, and finally—this comes a long time after—to get it into the hole. Some of us, when the opponent is so bad that no amount of strokes can bring us together, fall back on mere shot playing, and glean any amount of pleasure in the process; in theory we should doubtless do the same when we are the inadequate half of the match, instead of the overpowering. That we fail too often in this last respect, shows at least the bull-dog spirit which refuses to own itself beaten, and always hopes for a win at the nineteenth.

In moving-ball games the perfection of execution may be equally essential, but there is the obstructive opponent to be reckoned with, nullifying our best efforts, or providing even better excuse than the golfer can furnish, expert though he or she is usually held to be at that proceeding. If we are honest, there should be no excuse for a bad shot at golf except that we did not play it properly.

That the lie was a difficult one, that the wind blew unexpectedly, that the opponent had a personality which made it impossible to produce your own best game, that you had a cold in your head, are interesting factors in the story, but are no reason such as may be supplied by a devastating service, a clever pass, a sudden variation of length in the bowling. The long and the short of a bad shot at golf is nothing more nor less than one's own inherent failure to play the stroke properly, and that is all there is to it. So, even if there is no time to play a full round in these days of hard work and shrinking daylight, we may still learn to be better golfers by a little one-club practice, even swinging a club in the back garden.



News of Mrs. Wylie, formerly Phyllis Wade, here with her small son, is given by Miss Helme in this article

months old son, who looks a lot older in this engaging photo of the two. Ian Maclean Wylie is said to be just like his father, who was formerly serving on H.M.S. Malaya, and now has a shore job somewhere near Arbroath. Mrs. Wylie writes enthusiastically of "an unknown simply lovely course at Edzell," and of Carnoustie within reach.

THERE is news of another aspirant for boy's championship honours in, shall we say, 1955? Master Grant White is imbibing the good air of North Devon. His mother and father were last seen (from a golfing point of view) sweeping the board together at a West Sussex open meeting, and Miss Joan Horrell was a constant name in the county side and BYSTANDER foursomes.

Clovelly, in petrol-less days, is tantalisingly removed from Westward Ho, but Mrs. Grant White is reported as such a busy and perfect housewife and mother that perhaps she does not greatly mind for the moment, and, as aforesaid, there is always the back garden.

TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Competition.—Insufficient cards were received for spoons to be awarded for September.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY
THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON
OCTOBER

Name } Mrs.
 } Miss
Address
.....



The loss of the facial contour as shown in this photograph means a tragedy to many women

LIVING CANVAS

A Romance
of Facial Appearance
by ELISABETH MARGETSON
Price 3/6 (Methuen)

A well known Fleet Street journalist reveals her experience in that field of modern marvels—"A good facial appearance by the latest scientific method" as practised in London by a Swiss Specialist for the last 35 years and who wrote the preface to this book. He has treated over 10,000 cases, amongst them the best known Film Stars, Actresses, Artists, Princes, Rulers, prominent social and business leaders. The book is dedicated to the men and women whose happiness and success depend upon their personal appearance.

The book can be ordered through any Bookshop, or will be sent direct from 26, Eton Avenue, Hampstead, London, N.W.3. Phone: Prim. 3600.

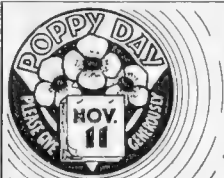
KNOWN FOR 25 YEARS
AS SPETON

GYNOMIN
ANTISEPTIC TABLETS
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
Pronounced GUY-NO-MIN
ENDORSED BY
MEDICAL PROFESSION

British made and British owned exclusively by Coates & Cooper Ltd., Northwood, Middlesex.

Free on request in plain sealed envelope,
Brochure T.14.—"Planned Parenthood."

OF ALL LEADING CHEMISTS



MASTERS OF HOUNDS

Thousands of men who have fought for Britain have benefited by your practical sympathy in taking Hunt Caps for Haig's Fund. You have given us nearly £45,000 in this way since 1923.

Yours has been a regular and therefore most valuable contribution to a great social work.

We hope for your continued help in this year of greater need, if not by giving us a Cap, perhaps by inviting donations on our behalf from your hunting friends. We need your help.

Ladies who will give their services as Poppy Sellers on November 11 are asked to apply to their local Poppy Day Committees.

OUR NEED IS GREATER NOW

EARL HAIG'S (BRITISH LEGION) APPEAL, CARDIGAN HOUSE, RICHMOND, SURREY

THE BRITISH LEGION
helps ex-Servicemen
of ALL wars





as pretty
as a
picture

... and so would any child be in this Heatonex Breechette Set — another example of Heatonex brilliance in styling. Ask for it at your favourite Children's Outfitters or Stores.

Heatonex
GMENTS FOR YOUNG DAUGHTERS

by Heaton's (Leeds) Ltd

For Willing Service

For uniform smartness, lasting comfort, perfect tailoring and a cheerful capacity for working overtime—'VIYELLA' W.V.S. Shirt Blouses. They wash beautifully.

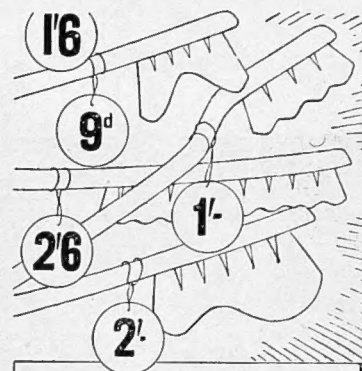


'Viyella'

W.V.S. Shirt blouse, burgundy 'Viyella' (shade and style officially approved). Up to and incl. 15" neck, 16/11d. Larger sizes extra. Stocked by high-class stores all over the country.

W.V.S. SHIRT BLOUSES

WM. HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD., VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM



**HOW MUCH
IS A
TOOTHBRUSH?**

THERE are nearly as many prices for toothbrushes as there are shapes and sizes. The makers of TEK set out to find the *one* shape and the *one* size that would do the job of cleaning teeth perfectly. They called in dentists to advise them. When dentists were asked for their opinion 92 out of 100 agreed that TEK was the most efficient toothbrush ever made. When the perfect shape and the perfect size had been found, it was possible to fix the price. As all TEKs are the same size, shape and quality, they are all the same price. Because of wartime difficulties, fewer TEKs can be made than formerly. We regret the inconvenience to retailers and customers. If you should be disappointed occasionally, remember to ask for TEK, supplies may have arrived meantime.

Designed
by Dentists
MADE IN
ENGLAND



Tek 2/-
Plus
Purchase Tax

Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON & JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd.
Slough and Gargrave

T3

THWARTED by *hades*...



WHY blame the retailer? It is not his fault that the needs of Britain's overseas customers, and others, come before those of the home market. But ... hush ... perhaps it was that FIVE TO ONE suggestion on Britain's victory which so raised his ire ...

SMITH SECTRIC
CLOCKS
plug in to Greenwich time

• NO WINDING • NO REGULATING •

Issued by: SMITH'S ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD.
Cricklewood Works, London, N.W.2



With cosmetics in short supply, it is very important to make the most of what you can get. If you keep your skin healthy with a little Pomeroy Skin Food now and then, your Pomeroy Face Powder and other cosmetics will go a lot further. Pomeroy Beauty Products are still available in small quantities and a little goes a long way in preserving a lovely, pre-war complexion. Advice and treatment still available at Jeannette Pomeroy Salon, 27, Old Bond Street, W.1.

JEANNETTE

Pomeroy
BEAUTY PRODUCTS

The Secret of the Pomeroy Skin

**10 TOP MARKS
TO for a
VANTELLA
SHIRT
with a
VAN HEUSEN
COLLAR**

Getting Married

(Continued)



Skinner—Gill

Sec.-Lieut. H. E. J. Skinner, Royal Tank Regiment, and Joan Nora Gill were married at Christ Church, Purley. His parents live at Moor Park, Herts. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Gill, of Woodcrest Road, Purley, Surrey



Pellew—Cookson

Lieut.-Commander Anthony Pownoll Pellew, R.N., second son of Major Fleetwood H. Pellew, and Mrs. Pellew, of Canonteign, near Exeter, and Margaret Julia Cookson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Cookson, of Nether Warden, Hexham, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



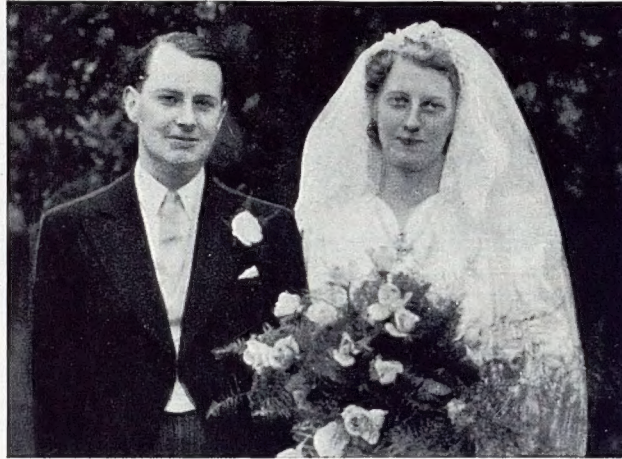
Little—Richards

Dr. G. Mellanby Little, son of Mr. and Mrs. Little, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and nephew of Sir Edward Mellanby, the eminent scientist, and Ninette Richards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richards, of South Africa, were married at St. Michael's, S.W.1



Yvonne Francis Jayne

Yvonne Francis Jayne, only daughter of the late Col. A. A. Jayne, and Mrs. Jayne, of the Larches, Moor Park, Herts, is engaged to Sec.-Lieut. Douglas Wynne Holloway, R.E., youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Holloway, of Heather Grange, Belmont, Surrey, and Littleton, Selsey, Sussex



Whelan—Ashmore

James Anthony Whelan, editor of Erinopa, the Irish news agency in London, and second son of Michael J. Whelan, of Slaney House, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford, and Mary Ashmore, V.A.D., only child of the late Dr. Arthur Ashmore, of Leeds, and Mrs. M. E. Ashmore, of Erdington were married at Erdington Abbey



Lenars

Mrs. William Outerson

Betty Sandiland married Lieut. William Outerson, Assistant Naval Attaché at the American Embassy, a week or two ago. She is the eldest daughter of Dr. B. S. Sandiland, of St. Stephen's Hospital, Chelsea



Arthur—Richardson

Flying-Officer William Davidson Arthur and Ida Rosalie Richardson, second daughter of Air Marshal Sir Victor Richardson, Director-General of Medical Services at the Air Ministry, of Nothelands, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks, were married at Holy Trinity, Marylebone. His parents are Dr. and Mrs. J. Arthur, of Wellingborough



Millar—Mizrahi

Sec.-Lieut. Tom B. Millar, the Cameronians, second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Scott Millar, of 70 Hillview Terrace, Corstorphine, and Victoria Mizrahi, elder daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Mizrahi, 1 House o' Hill Avenue, Blackhall, were married at St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh



Combe—Garland-Wells

Sec.-Lieut. Edwin Harry Combe, Devonshire Regiment, son of Joseph Combe, of Thorverton, near Exeter, and Kathleen Joyce Garland-Wells, younger daughter of H. Garland-Wells, of Broadacres, Bracknell, Berks, were married at Holy Trinity, Bracknell



Callant and Cran

If yours is a border-line case of not knowing whether to buy on style or economy, we'd suggest you look at Cool-ees by Joyce. This FRONTIER model, for example, has a grand eye-catching swagger about it. What you don't see is the amazing amount of hard wear it will give; Joyce has scored a strategical victory for those whose taste outruns their income.

Frontier
By
joyce



(CALIFORNIA)

At leading stores and shoe shops.

For the name of your nearest agent write to:

joyce (California) LIMITED, (Dept. T8), 17-18 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Wholesale only).

Joyce Shoes are in keen demand at home—and overseas. You know how things are these days, but be sure our very capable retailers will do their best for you.



DEWAR'S
"White Label"
It never varies